

THE CRITIC

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

The Ethnological Journal, Nos. I. to IV.
Edinburgh Review for October — Article,
"Ethnology."

THE progress of every branch of human knowledge is marked by very similar phenomena. Few great truths are arrived at suddenly, or without long and laborious wanderings in the search after them. Whatever path in the great field of discovery the human mind may enter upon, its onward way appears to be chequered by similar incidents, opposed by similar obstacles, guided by similar landmarks, and its toils ultimately rewarded by success, similar in character, though perhaps varying in value and amount. The first discoveries in a new and circumscribed field, strike upon the mind of the observer with a force and energy lent them by their freshness and novelty. Eager to explain phenomena hitherto unobserved, and to bring his new discoveries into relation with the existing state of things, and to develop their connection with his preconceived ideas, he proceeds to build upon his limited and isolated facts a superstructure which, however beautiful to the eye of the architect within, is soon seen by those around to rest upon an unsound and insecure foundation. The path once opened, is entered by others, and fresh discoveries lead to an accumulated store of facts, upon which at length the theoretical edifice may be placed as on a solid and sufficient basis. Such has been the progress of all the sciences of observation, of chemistry, of natural philosophy, and of zoology; and such has been the progress of that branch of the last-named science to which the term ethnology is peculiarly restricted, which, in its widest sense, may be taken to express that science which treats of the relation of man to man. It is not the history of the various nations of mankind as traced in their early migrations, their conquests, or subjugations, which constitutes the science of ethnology; nor is it the knowledge of, or the comparison with, each other of the various languages spoken on the surface of the earth, nor the development of their mental culture as traced in their myths, their traditions, or their monumental remains; nor the examination of their physical organisation and the changes which may be operated on it by external influences; it is the combination of these several branches of inquiry—of archæology, philology, psychology, and physiology, and the application of the knowledge to be derived from each to the actual condition of man upon the earth, which constitute the science of which man in his relations to his fellow man is the proper object.

Inquiries of this nature have occupied the attention of learned and observant men from the most remote periods with which we have any acquaintance. Traditional memorials of the early migrations of our species, and fragmentary notices of the affinities and relationships of the early races, are scattered in profusion through all that remains to us of the mythology, the poetry, and the literature of the ancient world. The Greek writers especially, for whom there was an antiquity as great and as powerfully interesting as there is to the moderns, bestirred themselves on their emerging from their dark ages, in the dawn of their

intellectual vigour, in collecting and preserving the shattered relics of a history long antecedent to their own. Placed in the centre of the great Mediterranean lake, round whose shores had circled Asiatic, African, and European tribes in times the most remote, and living in a period of the earth's history when old tradition was not altogether silent, nor old modes of thought altogether become obsolete, amid the then yet existing wreck of ruined dynasties and expiring races, their means and opportunities of deriving correct notions of the history of those races who had preceded them on the stage of action were neither few nor unimportant. But even to the Greeks, with all their opportunities, this history was shrouded in obscurity, and the fertile subject of conjecture and speculation. To us, then, who stand in nearly the same relation to the Greeks as they to the more ancient world, and who possess but the scattered fragments of their accumulated stores of ethnological knowledge saved from the general deluge of a second barbarism, how much more difficult to reconstruct the general scheme of man's earliest history, and trace the affinities and relationship of the various races who have heretofore possessed or now people the surface of the earth.

But turning aside from this more archaic and obscure path, the condition and relationship of the existing inhabitants of our globe offers a wide and fruitful field for ethnological labours, and in which there is no lack of materials to aid in the investigation. The difficulty lies rather in the vast accumulation of facts to be considered and arranged. From the time of the great COLUMBUS to the present day, our knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants has been most rapidly augmenting. No spot of the earth's surface so remote or inaccessible but it has been reached; no track of waters so wide but it has been crossed; no tribe of men so savage and repulsive but have been visited, their physical and mental qualities observed, their language examined, and their superstitions described. The modern ethnologist, therefore, in possession of such a body of evidence, is in a position to generalise his observations, and to attempt the solution of the various problems which a consideration of his entire subject presents to him. Among such problems, foremost in point of interest, as well as in importance, as involving in its solution the explanation of many minor questions, is that of the Unity of the Human Race; in other words, are the varieties observed among different races of men capable of being resolved into accidental declensions from an original and common stock, produced by the influences of external physical causes, or are they fixed and permanent characters, indicative of original and distinct types of creation?

Before attempting the solution of this problem, another question must be answered. What are the varieties observed in the human race? In reply to this question, let us first briefly "survey mankind from China to Peru." Taking our station then among the inhabitants of the "Flowery Land," we find ourselves surrounded by a people distinguished by a pyramidal skull, a broad face, high cheek-bones, small oblique eyes, long flowing black hair, and of a dark complexion, in which a dirty yellow is the predominating colour. They are of a middle stature, their limbs, especially their hands and feet, are very small, and they may be called a beardless race. These are of the great Mongolian stock, whose tribes are spread over all eastern and north-eastern Asia, and wander upon the inhospitable shores of the Frozen Ocean both in Europe and America.

Passing westwards at the foot of the great

Himalaya ranges, we find mingled with more ancient possessors of the land, the descendants of the great Sanscrit-speaking race, who have given laws and religion to the wide regions of Hindostan. Races closely allied to them have swept in successive waves of emigration from a common centre westward over the whole of Europe, and established the intellectual lordship of the great Caucasian type.

Closely allied to these in physical conformation, and claiming an equal if not a more remote antiquity, but possessing a language radically distinct in its genius and construction, the races who, in the earlier ages of the earth's history, founded the mighty Babylonian and Assyrian empires, the kingdom of the Jews, in modern times, have carried the standard of the prophet over half the Old World—the Syro-Arabian races—belong to the same Caucasian stock. Armenia, Palestine, and Arabia are their native seats, and this conquering race has spread over Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, and all northern Africa.

It is in Africa, the native home of the true negro, that the most striking variety of the human race presents itself to our view. The jet-black skin, the woolly hair, the receding forehead, and the projecting jaws of the negro, are visible external characteristics, so obvious and remarkable, that it is not to be wondered at that the negro or Prognathous types should have been considered, when compared with the Caucasian, a distinct variety or even species of mankind.

Crossing the Atlantic to the regions of the New World, we find in that vast country a multitude of races, who, however differing in language, habits, and modes of thought, present a remarkable uniformity of resemblance in many striking physical characters. The American races, whether of North or South America, have all, with some exceptions, referable to tribes who are clearly emigrants of other stocks, the same swarthy and copper-colour, straight and smooth and black hair, small beard, long eyes, somewhat oblique, prominent cheek-bones, and a receding forehead.

The islands of the great Pacific Ocean and the Eastern Archipelago are peopled by races as various as the accidents which have led them to their remote and isolated abodes. Among them every race of the Old World seems to have its representatives. The gentle and intelligent Tahitian contrasts as strongly with the Papuan or Australian negro, as the high-caste Hindoo with the genuine negroes of Ethiopia. In the Eastern Archipelago the features of the Mongolian stock are imprinted so universally on the innumerable tribes of that vast assemblage of islands, that the name of Malayo-Polynesian has affixed to the great body of their inhabitants, though the evidences of the intermixture of races are too palpable to admit of their being considered as a distinct type of the human race.

The principal varieties of man, as seen in the Old World, are these three; the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Ethiopian or negro. But though either of these varieties, when viewed in its most perfect and distinct type, presents the strongest contrast with the others, as the Saxon with the Chinese, or the Chinese with the Negro of western Africa; yet, when either variety is examined in all its ramifications, it is found that each passes into, or is connected with, the other by a series of declensions or departures from the perfect typical form. Each type is a circle, whose circumference has a point of contact with the other two. The question then arises, is each of these typical forms to be attributed to a distinct origin, or are they all descended from a common stock,

and the differences between them capable of being referred to the action of external physical causes?

(To be continued.)

A Practical Treatise of Chemical Analysis, including Tables for Calculations in Analysis. By H. ROSE. Translated from the French, and from the fourth German Edition, with Notes and Additions, by A. NORMANDY. In 2 vols. Vol. II. Quantitative. London, 1848. Tegg and Co.

A Practical Introduction to H. Rose's Treatise on Chemical Analysis, illustrated by Synoptic Tables and numerous Formulas. By A. NORMANDY. London, 1848. Tegg and Co.

The second volume of Mr. H. ROSE's masterly treatise on Chemical Analysis is introduced with a valuable essay by the translator, in which he explains, clearly and succinctly, the rationale of the processes upon which the analysis of compounds is based, and gives an epitome of the reactions of general and of particular bodies upon other substances and upon each other.

The plan pursued by Mr. NORMANDY in this Introduction is to relate, in a succinct manner, the chemical nomenclature of the substances which are the object or the result of analytical research, to indicate the notation of such substances and the rules according to which the formulas representing chemical reactions are expressed, and likewise the precautions that are indispensable to carry an analysis to a successful issue. Several chapters are devoted to the classification of metals and oxides, according to the last researches of REGNAULT; to the action of air, heat, acids, &c. upon these bodies, upon salts, and the action of salts upon each other; and that these reactions may be more easily understood, the formula explaining it has been added to each.

The second volume of Mr. ROSE's elaborate work, the most complete and valuable treatise on chemistry ever presented to science, treats successively of Potassium, Sodium, Lithium, Barium, Strontium, Calcium, Magnesium, Aluminium, Glucinium, Thorium, Yttrium, Cerium, Zirconium, Manganese, Iron, Zinc, Cobalt, Nickel, Cadmium, Lead, Bismuth, Uranium, Copper, Silver, Mercury, Rhodium, Palladium, Iridium, Osmium, Platinum, Gold, Tin, Titanium, Antimony, Tungsten, Molybdenum, Vanadium, Chromium, Arsenic, Tellurium, Selenium, Sulphur, Phosphorus, Silicon, Tantalum, Carbon, Boron, Fluorine, Chlorine, Bromine, Iodine, Nitrogen, and Hydrogen.

Mr. ROSE proceeds in this volume to describe the methods employed to separate the constituents of the compound substances from each other, and to determine their respective proportions. His plan is first to treat of the bases, and then of those substances whose compounds have acid properties. Thus, under the head Sodium, he indicates not only the method of determining soda quantitatively, but also how the operator must proceed to separate that alkali from potash, and to determine the respective quantity of these two substances. In the same manner, with the whole series of simple bodies, he first shews the processes by which the quantity of each body can be determined, then the methods which must be adopted to separate it from the preceding bodies, into the combinations of which it may enter.

From this brief description of its contents, it will be seen that this work is essential alike to the operative and the scientific chemist.

Book of the Farm. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E. A New Edition revised and improved. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

To all interested in agricultural pursuits, Mr. Stephens is so well known as a competent authority, that commendation on our part would be almost superfluous. When this work was published in its original shape, it excited considerable attention, and set at rest many doubts that had arisen amongst the farming world on various matters. So popular has it become, that another edition is issued with copious additions, and completely revised throughout; so much so, that it almost bears the semblance of a new book. The name of its author is a very honoured one in agricultural circles, and his practical experience, as well as the untiring industry with which he has prosecuted the science, have gained for him a multitude of ready listeners whenever he is inclined to address them. As some of our readers may possibly be unaware of the precise character and structure of the volume, we will endeavour in few words to convey an accurate idea of its plan. It assumes the reader to be ignorant of either the theory or practice of farming, and consequently takes him by the hand in the most early stages, never leaving him until the science is thoroughly mastered. Considerable attention is bestowed to elucidate the best method for acquiring a thorough knowledge of practical husbandry, and to point out the difficulties which the learner will inevitably have to encounter, as well as the steps that should be taken to overcome them. As the author proceeds with his subject, mention is made of the several branches of science that are applicable to agricultural purposes; and he urges most strongly on all landowners the imperative necessity of learning practical agriculture; instancing the many evils which attend this want of knowledge on their part. The present volume, which is but the first of a series on agriculture, confines itself, after some initiatory instructions, to Winter—the season of the year that requires the farmer's utmost care—and he would do well to consult Mr. STEPHENS's book whenever he is in doubt. Under this head is comprised an entire summary of field operations, together with most explanatory chapters on ploughing of every description and the rearing of cattle. To facilitate the progress of the reader in the science, almost every page is studded with engravings on steel and wood, that serve to shew the application of the author's meaning. The peculiar tendency of the work precludes us from giving any extracts; but we can assure our readers that we know of no volume we should prefer to the *Book of the Farm* if he would gain a complete insight into the various duties of an agricultural life.

BIOGRAPHY.

Diary of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Lord BRAYBROOKE. Vol. III. London: Colburn.

We have already introduced to our readers with extracts, which we are sure they will not deem too copious, the first two volumes of this new edition of the most charming autobiography in our language. The third volume introduces us to the terrible years of calamity, the like of which England had never known before or since—the year of the plague followed by the Great Fire. Perhaps the nearest approach to it in the extent and accumulation of misfortunes is that which has signalled the last three years, when a prostration of trade, a monetary crisis, a famine, an European revolution, and a pestilence have trodden upon the heels of one another, and whose consequences are only not attended with more terrible scenes of ruin and misery because we have a vast accumulation of wealth to fall back upon, free trade in food and internal tranquillity.

The greater portion of the contents of this volume are not found in the first edition, but why they were omitted it is difficult to con-

jecture, for they are at least as interesting as any thing that was preferred. However, their introduction adds value and attraction to the present edition, and gives it the character of a new book.

Having reviewed it at some length before, we shall be content now with selections.

Here are some specimens of PEPYS's musical tastes.

6 Dec. 1665. I spent the afternoon upon a song of Solymán's words to Roxolana that I have set, and so with my wife walked and Mercer to Mrs. Pierce's, where Captain Rolt and Mrs. Knipp, Mr. Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, Mrs. Worshipp and her singing daughter, met; and by and by, unexpectedly came Mr. Pierce from Oxford. Here the best company for musick I was ever in, in my life, and I wish I could live and die in it, both for musick and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife, and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt, with her, some things together, most excellently. I spent the night in an extasy almost; and, having invited them to my house a day or two hence, we broke up.

9 Dec. 1665. To Mr. Hill, and sang, among other things, my song of "Beauty, retire," which he likes, only excepts against two notes in the base, but likes the whole very well.

A PEEP INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

24 Jan. 1666-7. To supper in the office, a cold, good supper, and wondrous merry. Here was Mrs. Turner, also, and Mrs. Markham: after supper to dancing again and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then, with extraordinary pleasure, broke up—only towards morning Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed, and we continued dancing and singing; and, among other things, our mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sung the other two parts—two that did almost ravish me, and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them; and it proved dark, and a misty night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed; and we waked her, and sung a song, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied: only the musick did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30s.

PEPYS'S FRIENDS.

15 June, 1665-6. To Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent-garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life—much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth, but all blank through the waywardness of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as think. At last, very late, and supper done, she came, undressed, but it brought me no mirth at all.

10 Mar. 1666. I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry; and, after dinner, I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my Valentine, Mrs. Pierce, a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings, and Knipp for company, though my wife had, by my consent, laid out 20s. on her the other day, six pair of gloves.

12 May, 1666. I find my wife troubled at my checking her last night in the coach, in her long stories out of Grand Cyrus, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good

manner. This she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed; but she do find with reason, that, in the company of Pierce, Knipp, or other women that I love, I do not value her or mind her as I ought. However, very good friends by and by.

How delightfully *naïve* is this account of

A WEDDING IN 1665.

31 July, 1665. Up and very betimes by six o'clock at Deptford, and there find Sir G. Carteret, and my lady ready to go; I being in my new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine. By water to the ferry, where, when we come, no coach there, and tide of ebb so far spent as the horse-boat could not get off on the other side the river to bring away the coach. So we were fain to stay there in the unlucky Isle of Dogs, in a chill place, the morning cool, and wind fresh, above two, if not three hours, to our great discontent. Yet, being upon a pleasant errand, and seeing that it could not be helped, we did bear it very patiently; and it was worth my observing to see how, upon these two scores, Sir G. Carteret, the most passionate man in the world, and that was in greatest haste to be gone, did bear with it, and very pleasant all the while, at least not troubled so much as to fret and storm at it. Anon, the coach comes; in the mean time, there coming a news thither with his horse to go over, that told us he did come from Islington this morning, and that Proctor, the vintner, of the Miter, in Wood-street, and his son, are dead this morning there of the plague; he having laid out abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments. We, fearing the canonical hour would be past before we got thither, did, with a great deal of unwillingness, send away the licence and wedding-ring. So that when we come, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home, and going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over; hearing it was well done; they being both in their old clothes; my Lord Crewe giving her; there being three coachfuls of them. The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not, till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were, but in such a sober way as never almost any thing was in so great families; but it was much better. After dinner, company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money, and mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchinbroke; but for my life I cannot. At night to supper, and so to talk; and, which methought was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers, as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom, too; and so, after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtains drawn with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial. Whereas I feared we must have sat up all night, we did here all get good beds, and I lay in the same I did before with Mr. Brisband, who is a good scholar and sober man; and we lay in bed, getting him to give me an account of Rome, which is the most delightful talk a man can have of any traveller; and so to sleep. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides.

We string together a few curious entries on miscellaneous topics:—

28 May, 1665. To Sir Philip Warwick's to dinner, where abundance of company come in unexpectedly; and here I saw one pretty piece of household stuff, as the company increaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an oval table. After dinner, much good discourse with Sir Philip, who, I find, I think a most pious good man, and a professor of a philosophical manner of life, and principles like Epic-tetus.

17 July, 1665. But, Lord! to see, among other things, how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of any thing that comes from thence, or that hath lately been there, that I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich.

20 Oct. 1666. Walking with Sir H. Cholmly long in the gallery, he told me, among many other things, how young Harry Killigrew is banished the Court lately for saying that my Lady Castlemaine was a little wanton when she was young. This she complained to the King of; and he sent to the Duke of York, whose servant he is, to turn him away. The Duke of York hath done it, but takes it ill of my Lady that he was not complained to first. She attended him to excuse it, but ill blood is made by it.

2 July, 1666. Called by Pegg Penn to her house, where her father and mother, and Mrs. Norton, the second Roxolana, a fine woman, indifferent handsome, good body, and hand, and good mind, and pretends to sing, but do it not excellently.

22 Mar. 1667. My wife having dressed herself in a silly dress of a blue petticoat uppermost, and a white satin waistcoat and white hood, though I think she did it because her gown is gone to the tailor's, did, together with my being hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry.

A Mrs. KNIPP occupies a large space in this portion of the diary. A few of the memoranda relating to her are very amusing:—

2 Jan. 1665-6. Up by candle-light again, and my business being done, to my Lord Brouncker's, and there find Sir J. Minnes and all his company, and Mr. Boreman and Mrs. Turner, but above all my dear Mrs. Knipp, with whom I sang, and in perfect pleasure I was to hear her sing, and especially her little Scotch song of "Barbary Allen;" and to make our mirth the completer, Sir J. Minnes was in the highest pitch of mirth, and his mimical tricks, that ever I saw, and most excellent pleasant company he is, and the best musique that ever I saw, and certainly would have made a most excellent actor, and now would be an excellent teacher of actors. Then, it being past night, against my will, took leave."

3 Jan. 1665-6. Home, and find all my good company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself "Dapper Dicky," in answer to her's of "Barbary Allen," but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I a melancholy dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town: so I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I get away. My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards, and after cards to choose King and Queene, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirth, because of his lately being known by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes.

27 Oct. 1666. Home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce and her boy and Knipp, who sings as well, and is the best company in the world, dined with us, and infinite merry. The playhouses begin to play next week. Towards evening I took them out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of jesimy plain gloves, and another of white. Here Knipp and I walked up and down to see handsome faces, and did see several. Then carried each of them home, and, with great pleasure and content, home myself.

14 Nov. 1666. To Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a show without doors, God bless us! I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate-street, and then home with her.

15 Jan. 1666-7. This afternoon, Knipp acts Mrs. Weaver's great part in *The Indian Emperour*, and is coming on to be a great actor. But I am so fell to my business, that I, though against my inclination, will not go.

Here are some reflections on matrimony:—

25 Dec. 1665 (Christmas-day). To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry, one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them. Here I saw again my beauty, Lethulier. Home, to look over and settle my papers, both of my accounts private and those of Tangier, which I have let go so long that it were impossible for any soul, had I died, to understand them or ever come to good end in them. I hope God will never suffer me to come to that disorder again.

Now for a confession of weakness of the flesh:—

29 May, 1666. My wife comes to me to tell me that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married—she with Mrs. Ann Jones, one of this parish, that dances finely. And so I home; and indeed she is a pretty black woman—her name Mrs. Horseley. But, Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation, but I must invite them to go to Fox-hall, to Spring-gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deal of extraordinary business. However, I sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce, and some company with her. So here I spent 20s. upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and dogs, and hogs, with his voice, which was mighty pleasant.

What a grateful-hearted fellow that PERYS was! As witness:—

August 8th, 1666.—To Bow, to my Lady Pooley's, where my wife was with Mr. Batelier and his sisters, and there I found a noble supper. About ten o'clock we rose from table and sang a song; and so home in two coaches, Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, and my wife and I in one, and Mercer alone in the other; and, after being examined at Algate whether we were husbands and wives, home. I find Reeves there, it being a mighty fine bright night; and so upon my leads, though very sleepy, till one in the morning, looking on the moon and Jupiter with his twelve-foot glass and another of six foot, that he hath brought with him to-night—and the sights mighty fine, and one of the glasses I will buy. So to bed mighty sleepy, but with much pleasure, Reeves lying at my house; and mighty proud I am, and ought to be thankful to God Almighty that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends.

Another reminiscence of the charming Mrs. KNIPP:—

August 6th, 1666.—After dinner, in comes Mrs. Knipp, and I sat and talked with her, it being the first time of her being here since her being brought to bed. I very pleasant to her, but perceive my wife had no great pleasure in her being here; however, we talked and sang, and were very pleasant. By and by comes Mr. Pierce and his wife, the first time she also hath been here since her lying-in, both having been brought to bed of boys, and both of them dead. Knipp and I sang, and then I offered to carry them home, and to take my wife with me, but she would not go: so I with them, leaving my wife in a very ill humour. However, I would not be removed from my civility to them, but sent for a coach and went with them; and in our way, Knipp saying that she come out of doors without a dinner to us, I took them to Old Fish-streete, to the very house and woman where I kept my wedding dinner, where I never was since, and there I did give them a jole of salmon, and what else was to be had. And here we talked of the ill humour of my wife, which I did excuse as much as I could, and they seemed to admit of it, but did both confess they wondered at it; but from thence to other discourse, of my Lord Brouncker.

We string together some more quaintnesses:—

13 May, 1665.—To the 'Change, after office, and received my watch from the watchmaker, and a very fine [one] it is, given me by Briggs, the scrivener. But, Lord, to see how much of my old folly and childishness hangs upon me still, that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand, in the coach, all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself, how could I be so long without one; though I remember since, I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived.

31 May, 1665.—To Huysman's, the painter, who, I intend, shall draw my wife. He was not within, but I saw several good pictures.

22 June, 1665.—In great pain whether to send my mother into the country to-day or no; I hearing, by my people, that the poor wretch hath a mind to stay a little longer, and I cannot blame her. At last, I resolved to put it to her, and she agreed to go, because of the sickness in town, and my intentions of removing my wife. She was to the last unwilling to go, but would not say so, but put it off till she lost her place in the coach, and was fain to ride in the waggon part.

21 Nov. 1665. To London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster shop in Gracious-streete, bought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning every body we know.

13 Feb. 1666-7. To Dr. Clerke's by invitation. Here was his wife painted, and her sister Worshipp, a widow now, and mighty pretty, in her mourning. Here was also Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Floyd, secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Prizes, and Captain Cooke to dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes, and every thing poor. Discoursed most about plays and the opera, where, among other vanities, Captain Cooke had the arrogance to say that he was fain to direct Sir W. Davenant in the breaking of his verses into such and such lengths, according as would be fit for musick, and how he used to swear at Davenant, and command him that way, when W. Davenant would be angry, and find fault with this or that note—a vain coxcomb he is, though he sings and composes so well. Dr. Clerke did say that Sir W. Davenant is no good judge of a dramatick poem, finding fault with his choice of Henry the 5th, and others, for the stage, when I do think, and he confesses, "The Siege of Rhodes" as good as ever was writ.

We conclude with a scrap of court gossip:—

26 July, 1665. To Greenwich, to the park, where I heard the King and Duke are come by water this morn from Hampton Court. They asked me several questions. The King mightily pleased with his new buildings there. I followed them to

Castle's ship, in building, and there met Sir W. Batten, and thence to Sir G. Carteret's, where all the morning with them, they not having any but the Duke of Monmouth, and Sir W. Killigrew, and one gentleman, and a page more. Great variety of talk, and was often led to speak to the King and Duke. By and by, they to dinner, and all to dinner, and sat down to the King, saving myself, which, though I could not in modesty expect, yet (God forgive my pride!) I was sorry I was there, that Sir W. Batten should say that he could sit down where I could not! The King having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door. Down to Woolwich, and there I just saw and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious, and away again to the King, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And (God forgive me!) though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish, leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting, or leaping, or clambering.—Sad news of the death of so many in the parish of the plague, forty last night. The bell always going. To the Exchange, where I went up, and sat talking with my beauty, Mrs. Batelier, a great while, who is indeed one of the finest women I ever saw in my life. This day poor Robin Shaw, at Backwell's, died, and Backwell himself now in Flanders. The King himself asked about Shaw, and being told he was dead, said he was very sorry for it. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got indeed every where; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God enable to put, both as to soul and body.

The Autobiography of a Working Man. By "One who has Whistled at the Plough." London: C. Gilpin.

[FOURTH NOTICE.]

BEFORE our author started from Coventry he happened to meet with WILLIAM COBBETT, who solemnly warned him against connection with editors.

WILLIAM COBBETT ON NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

In one of *Cobbett's Registers* it was announced about this time, that he was coming to Coventry, on his journey to the north of England, and to Scotland, to lecture; and that he hoped to see me and talk with me. When he came, Mr. Horsfall, of the Half Moon, took me to Mr. Cobbett's lodgings at one of the hotels. He had been overwhelmed with calls, and had given orders not to be interrupted, as he had writing to do; but on hearing who it was that now called, he set the orders and the writing aside. On approaching him, he shook me warmly by the hand, looked at me a few seconds, and said, "You have, at the least, an honest-looking Scotch face in your favour." I sat down with him, and he proceeded thus: "Now, you are going to London; let me give you a few words of advice. There are thieves in London who steal money; there are swindlers in London who make victims of the unwary; but there are worse people in London than thieves and swindlers; there are editors of newspapers; take care of yourself if you fall amongst editors. You are property for them. Each will try to get you exclusively to himself. They will traffic upon you. If one gets you in his den, and you do not always after go to that den, he will rush upon you some day and tear you to pieces. Take care of the editors: I know them well. Go to Mr. Rogers, of St. Giles's; Mr. Nicholson, of Fenchurch-street; Mr. Williams, of Watling-street; Mr. Swain, the tailor, of Fleet-street, and (another, whose name I have forgotten); and take this paper (he wrote their names and addresses), it is signed with my name, William Cobbett; any of them will give you good advice."

COBBETT was not far wrong in his anticipations. Not only were publications projected

to advocate SOMERVILLE's cause; but associations and individuals constituted themselves into patronising cliques to get subscriptions on his account. All these SOMERVILLE discountenanced, and even denounced and threatened with prosecution. He was offered "a benefit night" at many of the theatres, and might have obtained a considerable sum by this means; and Madame TUSSAUD offered him 50*l.* to allow a wax model of his figure to be taken for exhibition. To all offers of assistance, money or patronage, he replied with a distant and brief "No." By thus refusing to become a popular god he soon fell from his high estate in the estimation of the mob. He would not be an idol. He scorned fees for doing what only honesty and conscience had prompted. He could afford to sacrifice the pence of men whose notions of the principles he had upheld, and of the manner in which he had upheld them, would never have been heard of had he not unluckily been flogged, and borne the infliction like a martyr. The consequence of this conduct was, that all his would-be friends soon turned foes, and he was soon as lavishly abused and upbraided as he had been servilely praised and pandered to. Such is mob worship.

Yet there seems to us to have been much ungenial and unnecessary modesty in Mr. SOMERVILLE. Shortly after his arrival in London he attended a large public dinner at Hackney, where were THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet, Dr. LUSHINGTON, and other celebrated characters. He was discovered by some one who knew him, and was asked to present himself to the meeting. This request he deemed officious, and at once he left the room. Now we cannot think that he was quite right in acting thus. As a philosopher he must have known that mankind feel inspired by the presence of the heroic and the valiant. Virtuous and self-sacrificing minds improve other minds with which they come in contact. There is consolation in doing homage to the good and the true. And hence it was that the meeting desired Mr. SOMERVILLE to present himself. There was no great sin and no misbehaviour in the request. He is wrong in ascribing it wholly to the vulgar desire of sight seeing. But we have known many others similar to Mr. SOMERVILLE in these respects. His rustic education and isolated habits must naturally have rendered him shy. When a boy he would go a mile out of his road if he could thereby avoid meeting a stranger; and this backwardness seems to have influenced his whole afterlife. He was condemned as "ungrateful" for refusing to go upon the platform. There was some reason in this. He might have been of service, having elevated himself to a distinguished position. He might have helped in producing desirable ends. He might have influenced mankind by exhortation, since he had gained so high a place in their esteem by the example he had set.

SOMERVILLE shortly made for Scotland. At Glasgow he was worshipped by the mob, and he says he cut a very awkward figure in a public meeting to which he had been pressed for exhibition. On his road, at Manchester, he saw a very novel sight.

THE FIRST RAILWAY.

Nothing occurred on my journey from London to Liverpool which I need remark upon, except that at Manchester I saw a railway, locomotive engines, and railway trains, for the first time. Upon the railway, not then out of the second year of its age, I proceeded to Liverpool. The opening of that railway is an epoch in the history of the world. In memory, I see my first whirl upon it, standing so prominently out among other recollections, that

it seems like an epoch of my life. All sights which I had seen, in London or elsewhere—the beautiful, the grand, the wonderful—shrunk into comparative nothingness, when, after reaching Liverpool, I went into the country a week, in the neighbourhood of Prescott, and saw (each day I sought to see it, each hour of the day I could have stood to see it again) the white steam shooting through the landscape of trees, meadows, and villages, and the long train, loaded with merchandise, men and women, and human enterprise, rolling along under the steam. I had seen no sight like that; I have seen nothing to excel it since. In beauty and grandeur, the world has nothing beyond it. In wonder alone, the electric telegraph outstrips the railway; but they belong to the one family of wonders. I used to stand and look at it, and dream as I stood; and when I ventured to relate any of those dreams, people used to say that I was very dreamy indeed. Related now that sixteen years have passed, those thoughts would seem very sober realities.

At Edinburgh he met his brothers JAMES and PETER, the latter so weatherbeaten that he did not know him. They proceeded together to their old home at Thriepeland Hill. After a short and happy stay at home he went to Glasgow, and was strongly tempted several times to join in some enterprise, which the 250*l.* that had been subscribed and presented to him made him eligible for. Unwary as he was, he soon got entrapped by the knowing ones, and lost all his money—for which, he says, he never had any great affection. "There was a moral space, a chasm between me and that money, which made it different from any other money; I had not worked for it—I never loved it as my own—I never had confidence in it."

His long cherished hope of love was broken as well as his fortune, and he went forth to the world a bankrupt in purse and mind, and was obliged to borrow money to enable him to leave Edinburgh.

In 1834 we again find him in London, where he married. The union was a happy one.

He next gives us a rapid sketch of the causes of the unpopularity of the Reform ministry in 1834. The account of the trades' unions and their dastard influence, is very vivid. At the spring assizes six unionists in Dorchester were tried, and sentenced to transportation. The monster unions took up the subject, agitated, and petitioned upon it. On the 21st came the grand display of the unionists in the Copenhagen-fields, when it was intended to walk in procession to the House with a petition, asking pardon for the labourers, and then to have a gathering on Kennington-common. Here is his account of the

PLANS OF THE CONSPIRATORS OF 1834.

Those designs comprised the plan of a select few of nerve and resolution accompanying the deputation, and in part forming it, which was to carry the petition into the Home Office, to present it to Lord Melbourne. They were, at a given signal, to fall upon him and his attendants; seize the sentries at the door, disarm them; admit other leaders from the outside; take all the government offices, and as many of the ministers of government as they could find. The military, on the alarm being given, would rush from the barracks in St. James's Park, to rescue the government offices and the ministers; the thousands of men "who had learned to march" between Copenhagen-fields and Whitehall, and who would all have learned how to fall into their places on the field, and what colours they were to follow and rally under, would rush into the barracks, which would, by that time, have few soldiers in them; overpower the barrack guard, take their arms and accoutrements, and also those of sick men, military servants, and others, and at once fall upon the palace, disarm the palace guard, capture the king and queen, the lords in waiting, and the maids of honour; hold them in captivity until the military capitulated, and laid down their arms; then arm a

People's Guard, when the military were disarmed, and continue to hold the royal family, and as many of the nobility and the directors of the Bank of England, as it might be convenient to retain in hand as securities against such regiments of the army as might not be disarmed. The Bank of England was to be taken much in the same way as the palace; but if it was not surrendered readily, the *People's Guard* was to see that none of the gold was carried out, and so let it remain until the more urgent business was settled at the west-end. All the other banks in London were to be similarly held, by similar guards, until the people's government ordered the money in the banks to be brought forth and used for the benefit of the people. The East India House would also be attended to in like manner. And on the signal going throughout the kingdom of the great stroke being given, of the treasury, the palace, and the banks being taken; of the king and queen, the lords in waiting, and maids of honour being prisoners; some of the ministers being dead, and others held captive as security to the people with the king: a people's government formed, under the protection of a people's guard;—those news going forth to the kingdom, would make it the people's own, and bring the "tyrant" masters every where to sue for peace and protection from their injured working men and women. Every where they would have to disgorge the ill-gotten wealth of "tyranny," and yield it to those whose labour had earned it.

He was invited to join these unionists, for his adventure in the Scots Greys had led popular orators and others to fix upon him as a man not likely to stick at trifles. He was hailed as a brother, invited to the room of the secret committee, went, heard their designs, was horrified, left them without consenting to become one of their "glorious band," and returned home and passed sleepless nights and thoughtful days. The 21st of April, the morning fixed for the great gathering, came. SOMERVILLE had written to the papers advising them to exhort spectators to keep aloof from the Copenhagen-fields! yet upwards of a hundred thousand persons flocked to the spot variously armed, some with the tools they were accustomed to use in their trade. The design of the secret committee on the lives and persons of the ministers was not known to the unionists. Yet the injunction to carry arms, and the warnings in the papers, had the effect of influencing vast numbers of the unionists to keep aloof. Mr. SOMERVILLE wrote to Lord Melbourne, then Home Secretary, and advised him of the danger he would incur in receiving a deputation. He took the hint, and the necessary preparations for repelling any attack were made. The ministry desired further information from SOMERVILLE, but he replied that as he had prevented mischief and bloodshed his object was gained. He did not wish to punish those whom he had failed to exhort to a correct mode of agitation. The character of the leaders in this movement is closely pictured. SOMERVILLE believes they desired, as nearly all such do, their own aggrandisement. When their plot had exploded some of the secretaries ran off with the subscriptions with which they had been entrusted.

And this ends the *Autobiography of a Working Man*. He has, however, added an Addenda to his book, which brings his experiences up to the present time; relates his adventures under Sir DE LACY EVANS in Spain, and describes the works he has recently written and the causes that called them forth. He also reviews his still more recent experiences in Ireland, England, and Scotland, and by way of congratulation, hints that in 1839 he published in Glasgow some *Warnings on Street Warfare*, when he asserted where and why any popular attack on the

authorities must be soon quelled. Strange to say the discontented in Scotland in the present year adopted precisely the plans which he then stated were likely and have failed precisely at the points and from the causes that he indicated. In this year, Mr. SOMERVILLE was again asked to join an insurrection—the Welsh one, which ended so unhappily for FROST, JONES, and others. Many who escaped the horrors of that outbreak have since gratefully thanked him for the manly part he acted in warning them of the evils that awaited them if they joined in it.

Here is a very novel insight to the barefacedness and ignorant presumption of men who assume the name of Reformers:—

I shall only, at present, refer to the occurrences at Dewsbury and Leeds. At Leeds, on the night before the outbreak at Dewsbury, in 1842, which ended as it began, by several persons having their limbs shattered and burned by the explosion of the combustibles, which they intended to be used to blow up the factories, and the houses of the gentry and trading people; the chiefs of the intended insurrection had a private meeting at Leeds, at which they cast lots for the principal mansions and domains of the nobility and gentry in Yorkshire. The farm land was to be divided in allotments, as rewards to the men who took arms in the physical force ranks; but the home parks and mansions were to be allotted to the chiefs. One of the leaders went so far as to make his will, bequeathing the mansion and domain of a Yorkshire earl to his relatives (none of them resident in England), to be handed over to them in the event of his falling in the insurgent strife. Another, who unites the characteristics of bully, coward, and knave, in the superlative degrees, after stipulating for supreme command, in case of success, and his choice of landed estates, went away to pay a rapid visit to the various towns, and leaders of detachments in different parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, to urge them to readiness, and inspire them to action, for the next night. Instead of going near them, he made a rapid escape out of both Yorkshire and Lancashire, to look on in safety at a distance, until success warranted his assumption of the supreme leadership, and its stipulated reward. Little mischief was done, except at Dewsbury, where the shells exploded too soon, and burned the insurgents, blowing down a wall, which fell upon and bruised them. Their commander, who had drawn a good estate and mansion in the lottery on the night before at Leeds, got three years in the House of Correction at Beverley; the greatest knave of them all, who incited them to the mischief, and ran away, did not get three years in the House of Correction.

The account of our author's experiences in Spain when fighting under General EVANS against the Carlists is interesting, and he deems these experiences to have given him the means and capacity to judge correctly of street warfare. In 1841 he left the Spanish service, came to Glasgow, and found the Chartists recommending the army movement, much to his sorrow. He set about writing his graphic *Narrative of the Spanish Legion*—a little book that became very popular. He had no money, and could raise nothing on the certificate for six months' gratuity which he had received from the Spanish authorities. A bookseller to whom he offered it in return for a little writing-paper and ink would not take the useless document, but presented him with some writing materials. He says,—

I walked out of Glasgow, three or four miles up the Clyde, got into a field of beans nearly ripe, crept out of sight into the middle of the field; lay there three days and nights, writing the first chapters of my "*Narrative*," and living on the beans. I sent the farmer a copy of the work afterwards, as payment for what I had eaten. I took the paper, when covered with writing, to a printer, who could

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not judge of its worth or worthlessness himself, but who referred it to a literary friend. This gentleman on reading it, said, "Print it by all means; it is the most graphic narrative I ever read; who is the author? I should like to see him!" This was the late R. B. Hardy.

Shortly afterwards he was introduced to some literary labour. But nearly the whole of his earnings were spent in endeavouring to get for poor people the amounts due to their deceased friends from the Spanish Government. Though he entered on this charitable work with great desire to benefit the needy, he was rendered quite insolvent by the transaction. He, however, resolved to pay the responsibilities thus incurred on others' account, and during five years 700*l.* of his income has been devoted to that purpose. His earnings during that period have been six guineas per week. The sacrifice, he says, has been a hard struggle:—

How often my brain has been worn to deadness in the task, no one can tell but myself—not even my wife, though often she has sat late with me to help, and risen early with me to begin again. Being gifted with the natural faculty of *hope*, I have seen always a pleasant future before me, and have not feared any *present* difficulty or danger in which I have at any time been. I have still some of this enormous dead weight upon me. People who knew that I earned largely may have wondered to see me living at little expense, and still without money; but they did not know that when I have drawn as much as ten guineas in London for a week's work (which, three years ago, I did frequently), I was waited for at door-posts, and lamp-posts, and round corners, by parties to whom I paid eight out of the ten, in defrayment of Spanish certificates, I taking but two to my humble home, to pay for family food, clothing, rent, and taxes. With the exception of the times when travelling expenses were paid, and I have been obliged to live at hotels, my personal and family expenditure has seldom exceeded 2*l.* per week—it has often not exceeded 1*l.*

He is now engaged on several journals. He publishes fortnightly tracts, whose object is to instruct the reader in the groundwork of political economy and of true government. He attained considerable notoriety in connection with the Anti-Corn-Law League, and has published various series of letters that have become popular—chiefly on political subjects. Of the after part of his life Mr. SOMERVILLE cares to say but little. Why he should disguise this, the most interesting period, we know not. But he is actively engaged in securing for himself the means of existence; of clearing off liabilities which anxiety for the welfare of others has imposed on him; and he is, besides, doing much good by spreading useful truths dressed in his plain and easy language.

We sincerely hope that the publication of this autobiography may prove a profitable undertaking. All who value rectitude should patronise it as much on that account as for the merit of the work itself. Improved circumstances would enable Mr. SOMERVILLE in a future edition to cure one or two defects, which can be excused now. Owing to the publication of the work first of all in a weekly newspaper, that due chronological arrangement so necessary in a book has not been attended to, and the chapters, therefore, seem to have a somewhat disconnected and roundabout position. But still we welcome it as a valuable addition to the history of our country, and as a lasting proof of the strength and the pliability of man's mind when bent on self-improvement and on beneficence. The youth of England especially will profit by it.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Campaign against the Kabâiles of Algeria; with the Mission of M. Suchet to the Emir Abd-el-Kader for an Exchange of Prisoners. By DAWSON BORRER, F.R.G.S., Membre Correspondant de la Société Orientale à Paris; "Author of a Journey from Naples to Jerusalem." Longman and Co.

Two expeditions are narrated in this volume. In 1846 M. BORRER traversed the province of Constantine as far as the Bishra; in 1847, he accompanied Marshal BUGEAUD's excursion against the Kabâiles. The remainder of the work is composed of isolated descriptions of Algeria, its produce and people, and a translation of the mission of M. SUCHET to ABD-EL-KADER to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners.

Among such various materials relating to a country of which little is really known in England, a great deal of interest and novelty will be anticipated; nor will the reader be disappointed. M. BORRER is an observant and painstaking traveller; he notes, not merely the prominent scenes, but the minutest traits of character; he mingles much personal adventure with his story, and he thoroughly comprehends the spirit of the French soldiery, eminently displayed in the course of this harassing warfare. The season has not produced a more amusing book.

The expedition against the Kabâiles must be pronounced to have been altogether unjustifiable. It was not provoked by the necessities of self-defence, nor was there in it any object of political advantage. It was strongly disapproved by the French Government, and no other assignable motive for it appears than the gratification of personal vanity. Marshal BUGEAUD wanted to do something to distinguish himself, and so he bethought him of invading the homes of the mountaineers who had done no wrong to him or his. He bought his fame, such as it was, at the cost of some hundreds of lives among his own soldiery, and of many more hundreds among the unhappy natives, besides plunder and desolation more terrible even than the mortality that marked his footsteps. And this is the man whom a portion of the French people had some thought of proposing for the post of President of their Republic!

But all crimes, whether of individuals or of nations, assuredly have their punishment, and the French will find theirs in the increased difficulties and expenses of their rule in Algeria from these rude but brave mountaineers thus converted into implacable foes, with whom vengeance is a duty—a religion. So will it ever be; such is the moral law of Providence which we can no more defy or escape than we can the consequences of disobedience to his physical laws. These are some of the

BRUTALITIES OF MARSHAL BUGEAUD.

The villages were all surrounded with walls of about twelve feet in height and composed of stones cemented together with mud mingled with chopped straw: a strong fence of thorny bushes crowning them, and impenetrable hedges of the prickly pear growing along their base. The inhabitants fired chiefly from the loopholes pierced in these walls and in the walls of the houses. Upon the terraces of the latter also might be seen picturesque groups of gaunt warriors, their flowing burnouses thrown back as they handled with activity their long guns. In one of these last villages some half-dozen of them boldly remained, after the great body of their comrades had fled, in a large square building commanding the entrance of the village on the side we approached, and kept up a determined fire at "bout portant." It was all to no avail, however; the

narrow streets were soon crowded with French troops, ravishing, massacring, and plundering on all sides. Neither sex nor age was regarded; the sword fell upon all alike. From one house blood-stained soldiers, laden with spoil, passed forth as I entered it. Upon the floor of one of the chambers lay a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age; there she lay, weltering in gore and in the agonies of death: an accursed ruffian thrust his bayonet into her. God will requite him. In another house a wrinkled old woman sat crouched upon the matting, rapidly muttering in the agony of fear prayers to Allah with a trembling tongue. A pretty child of six or seven years old, laden with silver and coral ornaments, clung to her side, her eyes streaming with tears as she clasped her aged mother's arm. The soldiery, mad with blood and rage, were nigh at hand. I seized the fair child: a moment was left to force her into a dark recess at the far end of the building; some ragged matting thrown before it served to conceal her; and whilst I was making signs to her mother to hold silence, soldiers rushed in; some ransacked the habitation; others pricked the old female with their bayonets. "Soldiers, will you slay an aged woman?" "No, monsieur," said one fellow, "we will not kill her; but her valuables are concealed, and we must have them."

In nearly every house were vast jars of oil (for the Kabâiles make, consume, and sell vast quantities), often six or seven feet in height, and ranged in rows around the chambers. Holes being rapped in all these jars, the houses were soon flooded with oil, and streams of it were pouring down the very streets. When the soldiers had ransacked the dwellings, and smashed to atoms all that they could not carry off or did not think worth seizing as spoil, they heaped the remnants and mattings together, and fired them. As I was hastily traversing the narrow streets to regain the outside of the village, disgusted with the horrors I witnessed, flames burst forth on all sides, and torrents of fire came swiftly gliding down the thoroughfares; for the flames had gained the oil. An instant I turned, the fearful doom of the poor concealed child and the decrepit mother flashing on my mind. It was too late; who could distinguish the house amongst hundreds exactly similar? The fire was crackling, blazing, with increased fury, and there was no time to lose. The way of the gateway was barred with roaring flames. Scrambling to the terrace of a low building, I threw myself over the wall. The unfortunate Kabyle child was doubtless consumed with her aged parent. How many others may have shared her fate! * * * One vast sheet of flame crowned the height which an hour or two before was ornamented with an extensive and opulent village, crowded with inhabitants. It seemed to have been the very emporium of commerce of the Beni-Abbès: fabrics of gunpowder, of arms, of haiks, burnouses, and different stuffs were there. The streets boasted of numerous shops of workers in silver, workers in cord, venders of silks and other stuffs, and articles of French or Tunisian manufacture, brought by their traders from Algiers or Tunis. All that was not borne away by the spoilers was devoured by fire, or buried amidst the crashing ruins; and then the hungry flames, vomited forth from the burning habitations, gained the tall corn growing around these villages, and running swiftly on, wound about and consumed the scattered olive-trees overshadowing it. Fire covered the face of the country, and the heavens were obscured with smoke. The soldiers pronounced the country "joliment nettoyé;" and I heard two ruffians, after the sacking was over, relating with great gusto how many young girls had been burnt in one house, after being abused by their brutal comrades and themselves. They pronounced that house "joliment nettoyé" also. Indeed it was a very favourite phrase with them.

Here is another mingled scene of nature's charms and man's deformities:—

A BIVOUACK.

The position of our bivouack was delightful. We had now descended into a rich valley, watered by the Oued-Sahel and by numerous brawling rivulets of the finest water. Groves of noble olive, karoube-

trees, &c. afforded a most grateful shade. It was a spot indeed

"Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace;"

ut these were shrines little bowed to by the fierce enants of the canvas city so suddenly raised, depositing solitude from this her gorgeous throne, disquieting Nature in this "her secret haunt." Glad enough were the troops to find themselves within a hostile territory. The foragers sallied forth armed; each, bearing his sickle and his sack, fell with hearty goodwill upon the unripe crop of wheat for the consumption of the camp. Groups of the Beni-Yala gazed from the neighbouring heights,—the fierce blood boiling in their veins;

"Allah il Allah! Vengeance swells the cry;"

and many an eye glares with rage and hatred beneath the covers of the surrounding brushwood, watching the movements of the detested "Roumis," lading their horses and mules with the fruit of Moslem toil and industry. Alas! for the trooper that lingered behind his comrade foragers! Many a long gun, clenched by an exasperated hand, was ready to seal his fate. The banks of the river flowing about a quarter of a mile below the camp, were clothed with thick brushwood. Willows, oleanders, tamarisks, and lofty reeds overhung its waters in wild luxuriance,—a noble covert for wallowing boars and crafty "ratons;" moreover, affording an excellent place of ambushade for more dangerous tenants,—the fierce and cunning Arab. No sooner were we arrived at the bivouac, horses and mules tethered, arms piled, and tents pitched, than the soldiers gladly hastened to this delightful stream to bathe their weary limbs, to assuage their burning thirst, or to repose upon the banks. Others with rod in hand waded in the waters, and regardless of their safety wandered here and there, their thoughts fixed upon "the trembling quill." More than once an ill-directed shot from some concealed foe would rudely disturb their piscatory musings: but such warnings were little heeded, until a brother of the angle fell dead in the brawling waters, his life-blood staining the bright stream. However, though the Kabailas had his life they had not his fish; for one of the slain angler's comrades upon taking to his heels pounced upon the produce of his brother's skill, and bore it off in triumph to add to his evening's fry. It was not long after this that an infantry sergeant, upon the point of stooping down to drink at the river, caught sight of an Arab crouched amongst some jungle, and deliberately covering him with his murderous long gun. The Beni-Yala bullet spared his life, but broke his arm; putting an effectual extinguisher on his dreams of glory to be gleaned during the campaign. To prevent the recurrence of such accidents, a line of sentinels was stationed along the river bank on the camp side: but so strong is the temptation to enjoy the luxury of a bath after a fatiguing march, beneath a hot sun and a suffocating dust kicked up by tramping troops, that many were guilty of evading the sentinels by means of the brushwood, myself amongst the number. Now "soft-winged evening" came hovering over us, chasing from the woodlands and the sand-rock heights the gilded tints of the setting sun. Repose was in the camp: suddenly a sharp fusilade greeted our ears—the Kabailas were attacking one of the outposts. The ring of the French carbine and the dull explosion of the Kabyle guns were easily distinguishable; for the latter are loaded with enormous charges of powder badly rammed down. Volley succeeded volley. The voice of the nightingale was hushed; for man marred the tranquillity of her abode. The wailing jackal fled far aloof; and the crafty lynx, prowling forth upon his evening chase, bounded into the dark recesses of the tangled covert. A fiendish yell from the repulsed mountaineers reached our ears; then all was quiet again, and the stillness of the ensuing night was only interrupted afterwards by dropping shots from different quarters of the camp, chiefly proceeding from French muskets, directed against robber Arabs desecrated by the sharp-eyed sentinels amidst the brushwood. The sentinels were doubled this night, to guard as much as possible against these bush-rangers. Our own tent being very near the edge of the brushwood, we

quaked for the safety of our horses, but had the satisfaction of a soldier being placed between them and the treacherous covert. The lives of these midnight marauders were, as has been before stated, valued by the Marshal at ten francs apiece; and the morning sun rose upon four grinning ghastly heads; the distorted features begrimed with clotted blood and dirt; the eyes starting from their sockets to greet the "grey-haired warrior" as he issued from his tent. Gay flowers and luxuriant herbage, laden with pearly drops of refreshing dew, were crushed by these foul remnants of night-prowlers. How vile a contrast! The sweet breath of morning was infected; a very paradise became a charnel-house.

The difficulties of the country for foreign troops will account for the years and treasure which France has expended in its boasted conquest of Algeria.

A MARCH IN ALGERIA.

The column pursued its march over beds of sand, rubble, and water-worn rocks, concealed in winter by the rushing torrent. It was for the infantry and convoy extremely fatiguing; for so winding was the course of this river that it was necessary continually to ford it, and sometimes to march in its waters a considerable distance. Though it flows in so narrow a space, yet eighteen times did the column ford it in a few hours, the water often reaching above the saddle-girths, and the current being in places very strong. Thus had the poor foot-soldier, the perspiration streaming from his weatherbeaten face, continually to plunge into the cold water and to contend with the current, laden with his weighty accoutrements, a hot sun beating fiercely upon his head; then to drag himself dripping wet over beds of heaving sand, or rolling stones, again to plunge into water above his middle. Attacks of "coup de soleil," or fever, were not then surprising. One man became a confirmed idiot, and so remained, until, upon the return of the column, he one day wandered from the rear-guard, and of course was seen no more. The fatigues of this expedition were, however, a mere nothing. Indeed our marches were, as it may be remarked, always very short, and the season the most favourable for an expedition. To judge of the sufferings of the French army in Africa, it is necessary to join an expedition during the winter rains, or the great heats of summer; when it is no uncommon thing to behold man after man throw himself upon the earth, from which neither entreaties, threats, nor the certainty of his miserable fate if left there, will raise him; whilst others, seized with fearful accessions of madness, blow their own brains out with their muskets. Then, during the chill and heavy rains and cutting night-air, many a poor wretch has been found in the morning a cold and stiffened corpse. Again, during the great heats at mid-day, stifling exhalations rise from the earth; so that at a halt the wearied soldiers, having cast themselves down with their faces in close contact with the earth, have been discovered upon the trumpets sounding the march to be in a perfect state of asphyxy. A trumpeter, formerly in the Spahis of Oran, told me that he once saw above fifty together in that state; and that, during the same expedition, several destroyed themselves from desperation brought on by fatigue. To prevent the danger of asphyxy, the troops during a halt are now often forbidden to sit down, or if not, only allowed to seat themselves upon baggage or other raised seats, so that they may not inhale the heavy murderous atmosphere floating upon the ground.

Here is

ANOTHER SCENE.

The sun had hardly set, and sportsmen and bathers regained the camp, when a hue and cry, accompanied with various symptoms of an animated chase, rang through the groves at hand. It appeared that one of the "burnoosed" gentry in our neighbourhood had ventured to indulge his pilfering propensities even at this early hour. Having crept stealthily through the brushwood, and attained the rear of the tent, he coolly cut the canvass with his knife, and inserting his hand, laid hold of a

sabre. Now the owner, sitting upon his canteen wrapped in meditation and the sweet fumes of his evening pipe, beheld with astonishment his side-arms gradually gliding beneath the canvass of his tent, and ultimately altogether disappearing. Suspecting that an earthly agent was implicated, he dashed forth, gaining the back of the tent in time to catch sight of the robber retreating into the brushwood; and chase being, he returned with his sabre in one hand, and the delinquent's ghastly head in the other. The night passed without any further disturbance of note. A single shot ever and anon broke for an instant the silence of darkness, betokening that neither sentinels nor Arabs were asleep. One of the former was shot dead upon his post; and one of the latter awoke us about three in the morning with the most fearful screeches. It seemed that he had had a design upon our horses, tethered as usual close to the tent; but a sentinel firing upon him broke his leg; thus marring both his purpose and his chance of running away. As the wretch lay writhing on the ground the Frenchman endeavoured to cut his head off, mindful of the ten francs it represented: but the miserable owner, though sorely wounded, refused to part with it, struggling furiously for life with horrible yells of mingled fear, rage, and despair. A bayonet-thrust in the body at last relieved him from his torture, and the soldier took possession of his prize, stripping the body at the same time of its burnoose, and narrowly searching for any money concealed upon it; for it is very common with the Kabailas to carry money about them, either concealed in a kind of felt skullcap which some of them wear, or in a belt around the waist.

AND ANOTHER!

As onwards we plodded, groups of Kabailas, armed and cursing us, sat above upon the slopes; yet not a shot was fired, until presently the *arrière-garde*, winding round the base of a lofty sand-rock with a precipitous face jutting forth towards the passage, received a sudden volley of from eighty to a hundred guns from a number of Kabailas upon the summit. Had the assailants been less hasty, the cavalry bringing up the rear would have received their fire, which, as it was, fell chiefly among the cattle and convoy, one horseman only being mortally wounded. He, having pushed forward rather a head of the detachment, which was delayed in fording the river by a confusion amongst the cattle, received a bullet which, entering his body just below the heart, traversed it in a downward direction, passing out at the right side. Falling from his saddle into the water, the poor fellow struggled to the shore, and rising upon his feet, approached the lieutenant in command of the cavalry, exclaiming that he had received the ball and was a dead man. His eyes never again beheld the glorious setting sun tint the fertile plains of "La belle France!" The extreme suddenness of this attack created a momentary hesitation: then was the word given "Right about face, infantry." Shirmishers thrown out mounted with expedition the steep slopes: but it was too late for anything but long shots; for as soon as the gang of Kabailas had thus rudely saluted us, they fled from their position. Shots rang sharp and quick,—an animated chase, but to little avail, for the crafty foe had scattered, and were gliding on singly and swiftly up the brushwood-clad slopes, stooping close to the earth, and taking advantage of every little protection offered. Now the rattling of muskets reaching the ears of those in advance, they were led to suppose that the *arrière-garde* was seriously engaged; their fierce blood was aroused, and, no other foe presenting themselves, they fell upon numerous Kabailas peaceably reaping amongst the corn-lands at hand. These unarmed victims, some mere boys, were massacred without mercy. One trooper alone, I was by several mouths assured, sabred seven—as *glorious* an action as sabring so many sheep. A few individuals who had been following the column merely from curiosity, and had held friendly converse with several of the soldiers, were also fallen upon and slain. One of these victims endeavouring to escape fled into the river, with the intention of crossing it; but a

ball from a carbine shot him down in the middle of the water. Rising again, he staggered mortally wounded to the opposite shore, and sat himself down on the stones. A trooper galloping furiously in chase rolled horse and all headlong into the river; but, recovering his footing, gained the side of the dying Kabyle, and dashed his brains out. The dead were stripped of their burnouses, and searched for concealed money. Report said that in the felt cap of one nearly 300 francs were found—an exaggeration, perhaps; but a considerable sum of money did fall to the lot of one soldier; and bloody burnouses were cheap again.

The costliness of this miserable conquest to France, already half bankrupt, will be seen from the following:—

THE GOVERNMENT OF ALGERIA.

Algeria is divided administratively into three zones; the population of the first being chiefly European—this is the civil territory or zone; the second by Arabs and a few Europeans—this is the mixed territory; the third by Arabs only—this is the Arab territory par excellence. The administration of the first is the principal and most serious; and this is pronounced by all, and especially by the Commission charged this year (1847) with the examination of affairs in Algeria, to be defective, imperfect in its functions, complicated in its system, slow in its working, making much ado about nothing, doing little, and that little badly. The functionaries of whom it is composed are pronounced ignorant of the language, usages, and history of the country, and unacquainted with the duties imposed upon them. Their proceedings, instead of being rapid and simple, as so necessary in a new colony, are ill-advised, ill-executed, and supereminently slow. The latter defeat is chiefly attributable, perhaps, to the fact, that the centralisation of affairs is in Paris, and all the acts must be referred to the head bureau there before the least move of the most trivial nature can be effected. During the last year only, above twenty-four thousand despatches were received from thence by the "Administration Civile," and above twenty-eight thousand sent to Paris by this branch affair in Algiers.

The immense number of functionaries appertaining to the corps of civil administrators in Algeria is astonishing. At the present period there are above two thousand; yet there is a cry that they are insufficient. * * * Another and great reason for the slow growth of the colony is the extreme tardiness with which the administrative forms requisite to the establishment of emigrants are carried out. For instance, though assignments of land are promised, yet a year or eighteen months after application frequently elapses before the grantees are put into possession. The majority of those arriving from the mother-country having but very small capital, it in the intermediate period disappears; they are compelled to devour it to keep body and soul together; and when it is gone their assignment may be allotted them, with the parental advice, "There sit ye down, increase and multiply;" but it comes too late; their only prospect is starvation; and they are fortunate if sufficient remains to them to permit them to shake the dust from off their feet and fly the inhospitable shore, thus preventing others from arriving: for will they not return with outcry and relations of their sufferings? It is even a fact well known to all, that men of capital, rich French proprietors, arriving in Algeria under the auspices of the Minister of War, have remained as long as five or six years before being able to obtain a promised concession. Others again established provisionally upon a tract of land, the assignment of which has been promised them, have built upon it, cultivated portions of it, and otherwise fulfilled all required conditions; when at last the definite answer is given them—the title to it is refused! Being able neither to alienate nor to mortgage, they have thus been brought to ruin. The generally desolate state of those poor emigrants who do become established in Algeria is painful enough. The villages scattered about the Sahel or Massif of Algiers are, with one or two exceptions, the type of desolation. Perched upon the most arid spots, distant from water, there the poor tenants lie

sweltering beneath sun and sirocco, wondering, as their haggard eyes rove across vast tracts of interminable palm-trees and prickly bushes, what there is there "to increase and multiply" upon, as recommended.

The Europeans at present number 109,400—the refuse of France, about to be increased by the deportation of the insurgents of July! What a prospect for the colony! But worse still for those at home, who are required to pay the cost of it!

Forty Days in the Desert. By the Author of "Walks around Jerusalem." London: Arthur Hall and Co.

SOME year or year and a half since, a very prettily engraved and capitally put together account of some *Walks around Jerusalem* was sent forth to the world by Mr. BARTLETT. The book deserved the highest tribute of praise, both on account of the artistic design, as for the unaffected tenour of the volume. The same gentleman has, within the last few days, launched a companion work, under the title of *Forty Days in the Desert*—a sister book in every particular, with the same choice designs, well-selected subjects, and some two hundred pages of as pleasing information about the eastern hemisphere as the most exacting critic could desire.

The author is no virgin traveller, plodding over a strange land. This last is his fourth visit to the East, of which land he must indeed be fond, for in one of the earlier pages of the volume it is said that "the East must ever be the land of the imagination, being, as it is, the seat of early fable and history, the birthplace of art, science, and poetry,—the cradle of our religion; and there also, to add to its interest, still survive, unchanged after the lapse of ages, manners, usages, and feelings, such as are described in our very earliest records." Accordingly, towards the close of an autumnal month, our author sets forth upon his journey, having made some weeks' preparation, as well as secured the services of KOMEH, "one of the most intrepid fellows that ever took an Arab by the beard," and commences the forty days' journey in the Desert, which, by the way, gave no signs of welcome to our traveller, for, on approaching its confines, he says that

The hot film trembled over the far-stretched and apparently boundless sands; and though I had looked forward with delight to the time of setting off, the journey now for the first time seemed formidable; and with not even a friendly shake of the hand or a parting "God b'w'ye," within a stone's throw, too, of the grave of poor Burckhardt, I could not repress a feeling of melancholy. But the Arabs cut this short by suddenly leaping out of the shade of a ruined tomb, and mechanically bringing forward my dromedary, over whose wooden pack-saddle, mattress, carpet, and saddle-bags were spread, so as to make a broad and comfortable seat; the growling animal was forced upon its knees, and leaping on, and holding firm by the pegs of the saddle, as he suddenly rose up on his hind legs, I achieved (more fortunate than some others) my first ascent without pitching head foremost on the sands, which I accounted a good omen. The others were ready, and we paced on our noiseless track over the broad expanse, as a vessel spreads its sail and slips quietly out to sea, while the minarets of Cairo grew fainter and fainter, till we lost them in the red and dusky haze of an Egyptian atmosphere.

Thus does Mr. BARTLETT make the first steps of his pilgrimage, encountering in due time the deceptive and silvery Mirage. To an ordinary traveller a journey across the desert would seem a very monotonous and wearying task. Tiresome it may possibly be, but there

is no sameness, judging at least from the pages before us. If it be only the novelty of seeing the camels laden so inconveniently high, or the pleasure of a night encampment in the sand, why it serves to pass away an idle hour. But there are weightier, there are more important and noticeable objects for the eye of a discerning traveller. There are the Bedouins to be remarked; their habits and customs to be scanned, and the Red Sea to be watched for; tombs to be explored, and tracks made out; passes to be cropped, and valleys to be threaded. In the course of the author's wanderings he comes to a place called Wady Maghara, which was reported to contain some singular hieroglyphic remains, but as the spot seemed to be unknown to the Arabs, Mr. BARTLETT had to trust to his own ingenuity to discover this singular retreat; he tells his success after the following quaint fashion:—

Accordingly, taking Ibrahim, with a zemzenica and a portfolio, in a somewhat better mood, but yet very tired, we regained the same spot where I had turned back, and then commenced a ten minutes' clamber up the left-hand rocks, very difficult and almost inaccessible; the sun beat fiercely down upon them; the perspiration rolled down my face in streams, and I drank desperately from the water-bottle, at the risk of dropping dead. At length we stood under the shadow of what appeared to be the mouth of the mine, nearly choked up with driftsand, and the Arab, with sparkling eyes, pointed to the rocks, and intimated that it was there, and with a look intended to be submissive and fascinating, was just beginning to articulate "backshish," when with ugly misgivings and in my loudest tones, I demanded the hieroglyphics. Vacantly he shook his head; but Ibrahim, by a roundabout process, explaining that I was looking for something chiselled in the rock, he suddenly remembered, tapping me on the shoulder, and making us leap down with extreme difficulty into the mouth of the cave, he pointed exultingly to some half-dozen marks in the roof, evidently made by the miners; and at that moment felt, no doubt, the piastres gliding sweetly into his leathern pouch. But his wishes were not met in the way he expected: "The hieroglyphics, the hieroglyphics," I faintly screamed. "Ma fish, ma fish," he doggedly replied. Mad with vexation, I uttered a loud and piteous groan of disappointment, and Ibrahim, seizing a huge fragment of rock, which might have served one of Homer's heroes, in uncontrollable fury, sent it thundering at his head; in dodging to avoid it, the poor fellow cut his foot, and came out hopping and limping, and striving in vain, with an exhibition of his bleeding limb, to turn the edge of our wrath. But the provocation was *unique*, and, at half a hint from me, the furious Egyptian would have brained him where he stood, and left his ill-omened carcass to be disputed by the hyenas and vultures. I worked off my excitement by abusing him freely; but by the time we got down again I was spent, and felt as if I could have sunk into the sand. And had it then come to this, that after a double attempt, and all this fatigue, I was to go away without seeing the face of old Cheops after all? Thus muttering, I advanced mechanically a few paces higher up the valley, the Arab still shaking his head, and the eternal "ma fish" still ringing in my ears, when lo! perched up within a hundred yards of the very spot we had gained at the risk of our necks, yet concealed from thence by some rocky projections, behold the large sculptured tablets with numerous figures grinning down at us, as it were like effrits, and asking whether we would like to come up again and have a look at them, or whether we had got enough of hieroglyphic hunting already! And truly at that moment I had almost wished they had never existed. Ibrahim groaned when he beheld them, and cast a withering look at the delinquent Arab, followed me once more up the rocks, and by the time we had reached the tablets our last drop of water was gone, and not one of the wretched miners who laboured four thou-

sand years ago in the adjacent cavern could have been more utterly exhausted than ourselves.

It would be impossible for us to accompany Mr. BARTLETT in his wanderings through the desert, for it would occupy too much space; we therefore think it only necessary to annex another extract descriptive of the interior of the convent at Sinai.

After dinner I sat in the shade of the corridor, and looked over the interior of the building. Its inmates are now no longer under the temporary excitement of an arrival, and all has reposed into its usual quiet; one may almost hear a pin drop; now and then a gust of wind sweeps over the black perpendicular precipices, which seem threatening to bury it, and furiously rattles an old casement or two; then all is still again. An old irregular wall, patched in different ages, with here and there a tower, fences in and looks upon the entire maze of buildings; within are courts and corridors, and galleries connected by blind passages and flights of steps mostly invisible from above. Such is the interior of the convent viewed from above, and I was poring over its singular appearance when Pietro joined me, and offered his services as Cicerone. I was curious enough to go round the wall, and, following my companion, dived boldly into blind dark passages, half choked with dust, sometimes ascending into daylight, and then plunging down again until we had made the entire circuit; we sometimes diverged by a branch stair into out-of-the-way nooks and chambers, with rude pallets and grated windows, the abodes of former recluses, of which the convent in its palmy state numbered some four hundred, there being now but one-twentieth of that number. These cells looked as though they had never been entered into during the centuries that had elapsed since their last tenants were carried to the charnel, and inspired such a feeling of dreary oppressive melancholy, that we gladly hastened into the living regions below. Here all, though antiquated, was neat and clean; small beds of flowers and potherbs relieved the conventional gloom of the little paved courts, and vines were occasionally trained about the walls or upon a rude trellis. Here and there a sleek, indulged, well-conducted cat sat gravely perched upon a familiar stone. Mounting a flight of steps we paid a short visit to the superior, whose room looks down in the principal court; it was neatly white-washed and furnished with a divan, but entirely destitute of ornament. Though in appearance naturally grave and reserved, he was evidently kindhearted, and in the most hospitable manner produced his little store of choice fruit, which he peeled himself and presented, an attendant handing *liqueur*. I found it had been a trying season for the convent, a severe rain-storm had carried away portions of the garden-walls, and a terrible and most destructive flight of locusts had swept all the conventual gardens, both here and at Tor; while the new buildings had occasioned an outlay, which, however, was principally met, as I understood, out of the funds at the disposal of the Greek Archbishop. All this, as I was privately informed by Pietro, weighed much on the spirits of the worthy superior.

We have much pleasure in commending very heartily the contents of this book. It is entertainingly written, sprinkled here and there with sterling information. It is crowded with steel engravings of a superior character, which combine to make it a very handsome volume.

FICTION.

Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Life. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

Every age has its own romance, every locality its own poetry, for both exist in the human heart; and wherever there is man and woman, there will be rich materials for the novelist. The life of our own time is not really more barren of exciting incident and amusing cha-

acter than was the past; a century hence, these days will, by the then generation, be looked back upon lovingly, as days instinct with interest, compared with their own dull, prosaic, and utilitarian epoch. So it has ever been and ever will be. The present will not permit the play of the imagination; we cannot mould it according to our tastes; the persons and places about us rise up to disperse the halo we would throw around them, and in disgust that we cannot indulge our fancies, and that men and things will not appear to us as we desire them to be, but as they are, we complain of the age itself as deficient in the materials for romance, and wanting in poetry, and we turn for our illusions to the times that have gone by.

Manchester Life will strike many as a very unfit subject for a novel; the romance of spinning-jennies, devil's dust, and power-looms; the poetry of steam chimneys, manufactories, trades unions, and anti-corn-law leagues! Yet is the author true to nature in his topic and its treatment. He has found ample food for his fancy, even here; he has woven a tale of profound interest, although it is but a story of common every-day life; he has discovered that the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis of manufactories covers the same passions, good and bad, as did the azure sky that hung over the castles of the Norman barons. We will not attempt to present an outline of a story which we hope every body will read; enough that the author has shewn himself fully equal to his task: he is intimately acquainted with his subject. He draws town scenes with almost the skill of DICKENS, and his sketches of character are thoroughly life-like. An extract will best exhibit his manner, and recommend him to favour.

Here is

MANCHESTER ON A HOLIDAY.

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as "Green Heys Fields," through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields, with the busy, bustling manufacturing town, he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling out-buildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighbourhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of hay-making, ploughing, &c. which are such pleasant mysteries for townspeople to watch; and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life; the lowing of cattle, the milkmaids' call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farm-house is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago, when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks, and wall-

flowers, onions, and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring time by the workmen; but one afternoon (now ten or a dozen years ago) these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round soft white clouds which were blown by a west wind over the dark blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colours. Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens; namely, a shawl, which at mid-day or in fine weather was allowed to be merely a shawl, but towards evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged, dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance, which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population. There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one, and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers had been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.

Sometime in the course of that afternoon, two working men met with friendly greeting at the stile so often named. One was a thorough specimen of a Manchester man; born of factory workers, and himself bred up in youth, and living in manhood, among the mills. He was below the middle size, and slightly made; there was almost a stunted look about him; and his wan, colourless face, gave you the idea that in his childhood he had suffered from the scanty living consequent upon bad times and improvident habits. His features were strongly marked, though not irregular, and their expression was extreme earnestness; resolute either for good or evil; a sort of latent, stern enthusiasm. At the time of which I write, the good predominated over the bad in the countenance, and he was one from whom a stranger would have asked a favour with tolerable faith that it would be granted. He was accompanied by his wife, who might, without exaggeration, have been called a lovely woman, although now her face was swollen with crying, and often hidden behind her apron. She had the fresh beauty of the agricultural districts; and somewhat of the deficiency of sense in her countenance, which is likewise characteristic of the rural inhabitants in comparison with the natives of the manufacturing towns. She was far advanced in pregnancy, which perhaps occasioned the overpowering and hysterical nature of her grief. The friend whom they met was more handsome and less sensible-looking

than the man I have just described; he seemed hearty and hopeful, and although his age was greater, yet there was far more of youth's buoyancy in his appearance. He was tenderly carrying a babe in arms, while his wife, a delicate, fragile-looking woman, limping in her gait, bore another of the same age; little, feeble twins, inheriting the frail appearance of their mother.

EDUCATION.

Solutions to the Questions of the General Examination at Easter 1848 by her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. By J. GOODALL and W. HAMMOND. London: Longman and Co.

OUR readers are aware that training schools for schoolmasters have been established for the supply of the national schools. The candidates are subjected to a very strict examination in all the branches of knowledge they are required to impart to their pupils. This volume is intended to assist them in preparing for it by giving the solutions of the questions proposed at the last examination, and from which they will learn the character of the ordeal they have to pass, and what topics they should turn their attention to. The examination is one which very few of the classes who call themselves educated could endure. Teachers of all kinds, public or private, from the highest to the lowest, would learn much from the perusal of this volume; it will show them what is to be taught to their pupils, and, consequently, what should be learned by themselves. If the national schoolmasters are to be trained to the standard here exhibited, the private schoolmasters must make haste to improve, or they will soon be found inferior to those whom the public will supply.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *British Quarterly Review* for November.—A powerful paper on modern Unitarianism, suggested by the Life of CHANNING, opens this number, which deals also with the opposite question, "the Endowment of Romanism," which is, of course, energetically opposed. "Europe in 1848," is a political paper, in which an attempt is made to view the present strange state of affairs in the fashion of a philosopher who looks at his subject without any personal feeling, and with no other care than for the interests of truth. There are some first-rate literary articles on such attractive topics as "The Life of Keats," "Charles Lamb and his Writings," "Miss Martineau's Travels," "Autobiography," and "The Beautiful and the Picturesque." This new quarterly review is remarkable for its vigour and eloquence. It is, in many respects, what the *Edinburgh* was in its better days.

The *Eclectic Review* for November treats of the two political questions after its wonted fashion, to wit, the affairs of Italy, and Ireland under the Whigs. KEATS and Dr. CHALMERS are here, as in other periodicals, staple themes. The rest of the articles are polemical, as befits the character of this review. All are ably written.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for November introduces a heap of antiquities and philology, together with its usual valuable obituary, historical chronicle, and literary and scientific intelligence.

Dolman's Magazine is devoted to Roman Catholic literature, and, as such, recommends itself to the support of those whom it addresses.

History of the French Revolution, Part IV. Edinburgh: Chambers.—This is one of the best short histories of the first French Revolution we have ever read. It presents the principal incidents in a singularly picturesque and striking aspect; and more fairness marks the author's judgment of men and events than is to be found in works of greater pretension. It is peculiarly readable, and at this moment intensely interesting.

The *Ethnological Journal* for November, devoted to the science of Ethnology, opens with the first of a series of lectures by Mr. GLIDON, on Egyptian Archaeology. This is followed by a critical analysis of the Hebrew Chronology; and the third paper is

a notice—half commendatory, half dissentient—of the singularly interesting essay on Races in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Cottage Gardener, conducted by GEORGE W. JOHNSON, Esq. Part I. Orr and Co.—This is the first number of a periodical which promises to be of extensive utility to all who cultivate a plot of ground, however small. While scientific in substance, it employs the language of common life, so that it is intelligible to the plainest understanding. The instructions are remarkably practical, and subjects usually deemed beneath the notice of horticultural writers are treated of here. The article on keeping fruits for the table is extremely useful.

France and its Revolutions, by GEORGE LONG, Esq. A.M. Part VII. London: Knight.—This is a pictorial history, not in its engravings only, but in its writing. The author aims at embodying the scenes of the Revolution, by freely resorting to contemporary memoirs. Hence it is very amusing, as well as full of information. We notice much here of secret history, which we do not remember to have seen in any other historian.

The Land we Live in, Part XVI. (C. Knight), is devoted to Etou, of which there is a minute description, pictorial, historical, topographical, and antiquarian, with a fine view of the castle, and a multitude of woodcuts.

The National Cyclopædia, Part XXII. proceeds from the word "Fiorillo," to "Frederick William I." The article "France" is an admirable specimen of the extraordinary labour employed in the condensation of a mass of facts into a small space.

Social Distinctions; or, Hearts and Homes. By Mrs. ELLIS. Part XI.—This mingled tale of travel proceeds with growing interest. Like all Mrs. ELLIS's works, it also points a moral.

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. Part XIX.—This Part of a publication which is a necessary addition to every historical library, contains maps of the passages of the Berenna, and plans of the battles of Waterloo, Quatre Bras, and others.

Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy, Parts VII. and VIII. (Orr and Co.) whose extraordinary merits for school and family use we have so often noticed before, contains the continuation of the article on Geology, with a multitude of woodcuts and maps of England and Wales, Australia, Belgium, Asia, Sweden and Norway, and a Botanical Map, shewing the distribution of plants over the surface of the globe.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Standard Library Cyclopædia of Political, Constitutional, Statistical, and Forensic Knowledge. In 4 vols. Vol. II. London: Bohn.

We described this work when noticing the first volume on its appearance a month since. The present volume extends from the word "Cathedral" to the words "Exon Domesday." It contains a mass of information on topics not easily found in the usual books of reference which occupy the library; so that no Cyclopædia serves as a substitute for this, which is a necessary supplement to every other.

RELIGION.

Principles of Protestantism, considered with a View to Unity. London, 1848. Darling.

UNITY has been ever the dream of the benevolent, and will ever remain no better than a dream. And for this reason: Every man who preaches Unity means by it that every other man should resign his own opinions to those of the preacher; he does not mean that he is prepared to concede something of his own convictions for the sake of accommodating himself to the convictions of others. And as all mean by *Unity* nothing more than this coming over of every body to himself, and not his going over to them, it never can be practicable. Essays upon its advantages are, therefore, worthless. However desirable, it is as impossible now as it has been from the beginning of time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Prose Works of John Milton. Vol. III. London: Bohn.

THIS third and concluding volume of *The Standard Library* edition of the prose works of MILTON contains his "Considerations touching Hirelings in the Church," one of his most eloquent invectives; "The Judgment concerning Divorce," which was influenced not a little by personal feelings, and his "Tetrachordon" on the same topic; his treatise on "Education," full of enlarged views, and his "familiar letters," the most interesting, perhaps, of the entire collection. Thus, for a few shillings, may every house possess the entire works of this greatest of English authors.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THURSDAY, NOV. 9.—Mr. L. H. Pellet in the chair.—Dr. Hincks read the concluding portion of his memoir on the Turin papyrus. He considered this papyrus as supporting the views held respecting the contemporaneous character of many of the dynasties generally represented as successive, and contended that the eighteenth dynasty of Manetho was the first which represented the united monarchy of Egypt. He, moreover, contended that the duration of the Egyptian dynasties previous to the eighteenth have been greatly exaggerated, even by the author of the Turin papyrus, the whole time of which, as given by the papyrus, he thinks ought to be reduced by at least one half. He considered it proved that the first and second dynasties reigned at Thebes at the same time that the third and fourth dynasties reigned at Memphis, and that the same might be inferred of the others.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

THIS Society held its first monthly meeting at Great George-street, on the 3rd inst. the Marquis of Northampton in the chair.

A remarkably fine golden bracelet found at Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, was exhibited by Mr. Fox. It was near this place that the battle between the sons of the British chieftain Cuaoelin and the Romans was fought.

Two sepulchral urns disinterred during the progress of railway works near London were exhibited by Dr. Buckland.

A communication from Dr. Chariton, of Newcastle, was read, in which the symbol of a pair of shears found on some tombs in the north of England as early as the fourteenth century, and which have generally been regarded as a professional symbol in connection with the cloth manufacture, was contended by Dr. Chariton to indicate the interment of a female.

Various interesting specimens of middle age art were exhibited, and attracted much attention.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its first meeting for the season at the rooms of the Society in Mortimer-street, on Tuesday, the 14th inst. Professor Lee in the chair.

A communication was read from Mr. Burckhardt Barker (son of the late Consul-General of Syria), on the History of Cilicia. The writer gave a very animated description of the plan of the Issus, the scene of so many great battles, and of the ancient city of Tartessus, said to have been founded by Persius, and probably the mother city whence proceeded the colony of Phenicians, who founded Tyre, called in the Scriptures "the daughter of Tarshish." He observed that Cilicia had been remarkably fatal to kings; Sardanapalus he supposes to have been buried at Tartessus; Alexander the Great never recovered his fatal bath in the river Cydnus; the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was drowned in the same river; Trajan, Maximilian, Constantine, Julian the Apostate, and a great number of Roman commanders found their tombs in the same country. An important note on the identity of the city of Tartessus in Cilicia with the Tarshish of the Scriptures was added to the paper by the secretary, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, who pointed out that the sepulchre at Tartessus, which local tradition declares to be that of the prophet Daniel, cannot be so attributed, as there is sufficient evidence to shew that the burial-place of the prophet is at Susa.

Mr. Sharpe remarked on the interesting circumstance, as connected with the paper before the So-

ciety, that Demetrius of Tartessus, mentioned by Diogenes Laertius as belonging to the school of that city, was the most ancient traveller known to have visited England. He probably came in one of "the ships of Tarshish," before the time of Julius Caesar. Hecataeus had previously described Britain and Stonehenge, but it does not appear that he had visited it.

Mr. Nash having observed that the hawk-headed figures, and figures of bulls found in Cilicia, and called by Mr. Barker figures of Osiris, might probably be of the same character as those of the Persepolitan monuments.

Mr. Wright observed on the discovery of pieces of pottery lately found at Colchester, with Egyptian carouches scratched upon them, probably by some Egyptian soldiers in the Roman legion stationed there.

Professor Lee said that figures of Egyptian workmanship had been found in the Morea and in Cephalonia. An interesting conversation ensued on the presence of small Chinese bottles in the tombs at Thebes, in which Mr. Roberts, R.A. Mr. Sharpe, and Mr. Bonomi took part. Mr. Bonomi stated, in corroboration of the opinion that these bottles are of modern origin, fraudulently placed in the tombs by the Arabs, that bottles exactly similar may be bought at a low price in the bazaar at Cairo, as perfume bottles, though they fetch a high price as antiquities. They find their way into Egypt from the Eastern pilgrims, and there is a story current of a Chinese vessel having been wrecked in the Red Sea. It is also proved that the Chinese characters on the bottles found in the tombs are of modern date.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THERE are many expressions of strong disapproval of the manner in which Mr. Vernon's beautiful collection is being treated. The pictures are in the National Gallery, but in such positions that they cannot be seen, but are exposed to injury of a most destructive kind. The profession strongly denounce the spirit which could be so practically ungrateful. The consequent hubbub is likely to tend to some use, inasmuch as the erection of a new National Gallery cannot long be postponed. The artistic world has been much pleased with the proceedings in the case of the "Royal Victoria and Albert Gallery." The injunction against Mr. Strange and his plan of publishing this gallery, has revealed the fact that the impressions from sketches by her Majesty and the Prince Consort were surreptitiously obtained. The purloiner, Mr. Judge, has rendered himself obnoxious to the Court, by the compilation of the "Black Book," and other works in which royal and aristocratic "economy" is placed in no very favourable light. Hence it is likely that there will be further proceedings, both against him and his publisher, now that a punishable offence has been committed.—Mr. E. V. Rippingille proposes to dispose of forty-two of his works, in shares of one guinea each—the works being valued at 1,235 guineas. The prizes are to be twelve in number; and some extra advantages are offered to those who subscribe larger amounts. Mr. Rippingille will be well remembered by his popular pictures of "The Country Post-Office," "The Stage-Coach Breakfast," "Going to the Fair," and a series of six subjects, painted some years since, representing "The Drunkard's Progress." He is known too, as a lecturer on Art;—but is one of those deserving votaries in her temple on whom the goddess has forgotten to shower her prizes.—The *Bristol Times* says that the North Porch of Redcliffe Church is being gradually and well restored. Nobody knows where the funds come from; and if the men who are engaged upon the work are questioned, their only reply is *nil desperandum*. Not even the committee know who provides the funds.—Mr. Edwin Landseer has just published a series of eight etchings, after his designs by Mr. Charles Lewis. The subject is "The Mothers." The series begins with a charming little composition of a "Highland Nurse," who is sedulously watching over her charge. A contemporary says—"The spirit of maternity is contended for by the painter as existing as strongly in the inferior as in the human animal; and he has asserted his theory in the Mare and Foal, Dog and Pups, Cow and Calf,

Donkey and Foal, Goat and Kid, Sow and Pigs, and Sheep and Lamb. In all these the painter, with but the touch of a pen, gives fresh evidence of his extensive observation of animal nature in its varieties, and his readiness in expressing it. Mr. Lewis has been fortunate in identifying himself fully with Mr. Landseer's intentions."—An ingenious discovery, likely to be useful to collectors of old engravings, has just been made by a young man—a Mr. Baldwin. It is, the means of splitting into two parts one sheet of paper, so as to separate the engraving in front from the text which may have been printed at the back, often to the obscuring of the former. The one part thus shows the engraving perfectly clear from the previous confusion of the lines that shewed through; the other exhibiting the text as if it had been printed on a page with a clean back. Each page is as sound as if it had been originally of a distinct fabric.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THERE is again some talk of an intended fusion of the two opera-houses. It seems admitted on all hands that Covent Garden does not pay, and that improvements in the management of the Haymarket house are necessary.

Madame Crisi's Songs. English Version, by JOSEPH OLIVER; arranged by GEORGE J. O. ALLMANN, No. 1. London, Lewis and Co. MR. ALLMANN has hit on a happy idea in this series of celebrated songs, which he adapts for common-place singers. "Oh! bring ye summer roses!" the one here contained, is from "Norma," an adaptation of "*Deh! con te!*"

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—Rumours are current in the dramatic world that it is Mr. Macready's intention to fix his residence in America, and possibly to become a candidate for a professorship in one of the Universities of that country.—An adaptation of the tragedy of *Macbeth* has been brought out at the Odeon, with a certain degree of success, though it is not ungenial to the spirit of the times.

COVENT GARDEN.—MR. BUNN has at last produced *Haydée*. On its appearance at the *Opéra Comique* in Paris, it occurred quite a mania, and consequently its advent was anxiously looked for here. But we must confess that we could not discover sufficient grounds for its Parisian reputation. It is not altogether an opera, but a musical drama; the sub-stratum being dialogue, with musical passages interspersed. The story has been thus described by one of our contemporaries.—The hero is admiral of the Venetian fleet, in the full career of victory and fame, but oppressed with melancholy, caused by secret remorse for a crime so base as to place him without the pale of sympathy. In his earlier life a profligate, he had cheated out of his whole fortune a fellow gamester, whose ruin was followed by suicide. This secret, constantly preying on his mind, is discovered by one of his officers, his deadly enemy; who overhears him, in his sleep, talking of his crime and his intention to make reparation to the son of his victim. Thus possessed of the admiral's secret, his enemy is about to turn it to account by the simple expedient of denouncing him to the Senate at the moment when he is about to be elected Doge of the republic, when his purpose is defeated by his death in an accidental quarrel; and the admiral becomes the Doge, his secret remaining unrevealed except to the audience.—The announcement of a general reduction in the prices of admission to this splendid establishment has not come upon us by surprise; for, despite the enormous outlay for so extraordinary an array of talent, we have ever considered the high prices of admission an insuperable barrier to its success. We live in times of universal cheapness, and while popular attractions are offered on all sides at a rate within the means of every class of persons, the high prices charged at this theatre necessarily limited the amount of patronage which it received. That the step thus taken by Mr. Bunn, in compliance with a general

expression of public feeling, is one of wise resolve, none will deny, and that his promptness in adopting it will meet with a correspondent return, we believe and hope to be also a matter beyond doubt. By thus acquiescing in the popular wish, maintaining, at the same time, the pledge "that precisely the same character of performance will be given, supported by the same artists, and aided by all the gorgeous paraphernalia of the establishment," as at the present prices, Mr. Bunn will secure public patronage, and his treasury benefit in a corresponding ratio.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Monday the play of *The Gamester* was revived, Mr. C. KEAN personating *Beverley*, and Mrs. KEAN *Mrs. Beverley*. The drama is an extremely sombre one, as our readers are aware, but redeemed by its exquisite pictures of domestic feeling, and, therefore, peculiarly adapted for Mrs. C. KEAN, who possesses a larger power over the emotions than any actress of her time. It was played by her with skill and pathos, and the expression of the truest womanly feeling. Mr. C. KEAN's *Beerley* was truthful, with an entire absence of clap-trap. He had formed an accurate conception of the character—conscious of weakness, yet unable to break through the fascinations of his vice. His despair in the closing scene was admirably portrayed. The other parts were well played, especially *Stukeley*, by Mr. CRESWICK. At the fall of the curtain the congratulations of the audience were loudly bestowed and acknowledged.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The music of *Leoline* improves with acquaintance. It is an original work, and that is saying a great deal for it. Some of the airs are extremely pretty and haunt the memory, and that is proof of genius. Mr. C. BRAHAM, too, grows in popularity; his voice is full-toned and rich, and he holds it completely under control. His excellence as a singer compensates for his bad acting. Surely he might do something to improve his action and his walk. But when he sings we forget all that, and feel that there is in him a veritable accession to vocal art. The opera is put upon the stage with the manager's wonted liberality, the scenery being beautiful and the grouping effective. It will run till Christmas, and when withdrawn to make room for novelty, we hope it will be only for a recess and not a retirement.

ADELPHI.—A new farce entitled *Crasher and Slasher*, or *the British Lion*, has been produced at this theatre with entire success. It has much novelty of design, beginning at the point at which other plots usually end, so that the audience are taken by surprise—and surprise is a large ingredient in humour. The plot is thus stated by one of the morning papers:—The scene opens, and *Slasher* (M. WRIGHT) and *Crasher* (MR. PAUL BEDFORD) are seen in great self-gratulation, because they are about to be united respectively to Mr. *Blowhard's* sister and niece; the first elderly, very well dressed and acted by Mrs. LAWS, and the latter youthful, represented with gaiety and liveliness by Miss EMMA HARDING. *Blowhard* comes in to speak the "tag"—the usual address to the audience when "all has ended happily;" but, just as the curtain is about to fall upon this drama, so boldly left to the imagination, a servant comes in and delivers a letter, from which *Blowhard* (an old trumpeter, with a horror of men who won't fight) gathers that *Slasher* has submitted to be "bonneted" and kicked on the race-course the day before, while *Crasher* is president of the Uxbridge Anti-Duelling Society. On this he breaks off both matches, and then the fun begins. *Slasher* and *Crasher* mutually agree to quarrel and fight—though arrant cowards—in order to blind the old gentleman; and in carrying out this laudable intention WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD keep the audience in a roar of laughter for nearly an hour, by comicallies and buffooneries indescribable, till the old gentleman is quite satisfied, restores the ladies to their swains, and tries to resume his suspended "tag," in which he is, of course, interrupted by WRIGHT, who assures the audience of the readiness of himself and fellow-coward to thrash each other every evening till further notice. The audience were sent home with aching sides. It is thoroughly *Adelphian*, and that is its best recommendation. The author is MR. H. MORTON.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—The scene of the first night has not been repeated, but the house continues as crowded and as enthusiastic. Seats and private boxes must be secured two or three days in advance, and it is well to be early at the door to take up a good standing position. And the energetic JULLIEN is richly earning this popularity. His selections of music are admirably made. The five united military bands execute the National Anthems with exceeding spirit and effect, yet without overpowering noise. The French quadrilles are in JULLIEN'S best manner, and the symphonies and other selected music from the

great masters is performed with the perfect harmony of instrumentation for which the fine orchestra is so famous. It is the greatest treat which London offers at this season.

PANORAMA.—The events at Vienna have given a renewed interest to the magnificent panorama of that city and its suburbs, now exhibiting at Leicester-square. We recommend all who have not seen it to do so without delay. It will give tenfold interest and reality to the narratives of the newspapers.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

HOPE AND THE DOVE.

BY MRS. LORAINÉ.

HOPE, like the Dove of old,
Crosseth life's stormy river,
With the green branch of grace,
Within her sweet mouth ever.

Teaching us that the strife
Of sin and wrath shall cease,
The spirit of white-winged meekness,
The Messenger of Peace!

To the soul's weary ark,
Across the world's dark tide,
Returning with glad tidings,
That the waters will subside.

When Heaven's high windows open
With the flood of wrath and grief,
She goeth forth and findeth
The holy olive leaf.

She goeth forth and findeth
The land of rest above,
Prophet of grace and mercy,
Of pardon and of love.

Still her radiant wing returneth
To faith's blest vision given,
Till—her task divine fulfilled—
She dieth back to Heaven.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

EDWARD HOGG, ESQ. M.D.

March 12.—At Chester, aged sixty-five, Edward Hogg, esq. M.D.

Dr. Hogg was the author of a *Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem*, during the successful Campaign of Ibrahim Pasha, published in two volumes 8vo. 1835. In the preface to this work he introduces himself to the reader "as belonging to a numerous class of individuals that, unencumbered with claims to distinction, contentedly float upon the surface of society. Having reached the stationary point when a man may be allowed to consider himself as neither young nor old,—after some years of successful professional occupation in England, he was induced to repair the inroads made by laborious exertion on a constitution never robust, by seeking the milder climate of Italy; and Naples finally afforded him an agreeable retreat. Little anxious for the accumulation of this world's goods, and coveting only the esteem of a few chosen friends, he would have had no inducement to quit this happy state of privacy, which is his natural sphere, if an opportunity had not unexpectedly presented itself of accompanying an intelligent friend to the East—a journey which promised to realise his long-cherished wish to ascertain the precise state of countries so pre-eminently interesting as Syria and Palestine, and to investigate the proofs of early civilisation still existing in the stupendous monuments of Egypt and Nubia."

He started from Naples on the 27th April, 1832, and closed his tour at Cairo, on the 18th of the following January.

Pursuing our extract from Dr. Hogg's preface, we may add that, "without making any pretension to deep antiquarian research, or possessing any great disposition to enter largely into political speculations, he attentively examined the various ancient remains which so continually present themselves in the countries he passed through, and carefully sought such information relative to the modern state of these countries as the most competent persons with whom he happened to meet could supply. The observations thus made, and the intelligence thus obtained, together with the ordinary occurrences of the day, were regularly inserted in his note-book; and from time to time, as his progress was interrupted by unavoidable delays, these notices were transcribed, and, as opportunities offered, were forwarded to his distant friends."

By one of the most distinguished of these—Sir William Gell—Dr. Hogg was persuaded to publish, and the result was a work which was received with much approbation by the critics and the general reader.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE REV. RICHARD MARKS.

On the 22nd of May, 1847, at Great Missenden, Bucks, aged 68, the Rev. Richard Marks, late vicar of that parish.

Mr. Marks was in early life in the Royal Navy: and in one year was twice wrecked, first, on the 2nd of February, in his Majesty's ship *P*—, on an island near the large town of C—, and again in October following, in the *N*—, off the coast of Holland. He afterwards served for three years in the *Expedition*, 44, Capt. T. Wilson, employed in the Mediterranean; and then joined the *Defence*, Capt. George Hope, in which he was present in the battle of Trafalgar. At this period, to quote his own words, "Such was the determined manner in which I went through all the boisterous duties of my station, that I was appointed to head a party of the boarders in time of action, and also to command a company of men selected to combat and extinguish fire whenever it might occur in the ship. In short, I left my companions at a distance, carried all before me, and was among the very first who received promotion from the Commander-in-chief after the close of the battle of Trafalgar, in which the *D[efence]* took no minor part."

After twelve years' unremitting service, and when he had been four years Lieutenant of the *C*—, he obtained leave to return home. He had become gradually impressed with deep convictions of his religious responsibilities, which led him to volunteer his services in the instruction of the crew to which he was attached, who were destitute of any daily authorised pastor. This "labour of love" he for some time continued with considerable success, but he was subsequently checked by his superior officer, and in fact forced to suppress his well-meant exertions. This painful discouragement provoked him to seek his release from the service; and, on obtaining it, he immediately directed his studies to obtain ordination in the Church, a wish which was soon after accomplished.

In 1820 he was presented to the vicarage of Great Missenden by the trustees of J. Oldham, esq.; but with characteristic obedience to his conscientious convictions, he resigned that benefice about three years before his death, on finding his strength unequal to its duties.

Mr. Marks communicated his religious history, in an anonymous form, to the "Christian Guardian," in several papers bearing the signature of "Aliquis;" these were afterwards published (still anonymously) in a volume entitled "The Retrospect; or, Review of Providential Mercies." Mr. Marks also published,—

Danger and Duty; or, a few Words on the present State of the Times, and in behalf of Truth, Righteousness, and Peace. 1842. 12mo.

A Letter to his Christian Friends, on the subject of certain Tractarian notices of his late publication, "Danger and Duty."

Sea Sermons; or, Plain Addresses intended for Public Worship on board of Merchant Vessels, and for Private Use among Seamen and Plain People. 1843. 12mo.

Sermons, with an accompanying Prayer to each, intended for reading in families and sick rooms. 1845. 12mo.

The plan and style of his *Sea Sermons* were suggested by the "Village Sermons" of the Rev. George Burder, to the perusal of which Mr. Marks attributed his own recall to a state of thoughtless sin, and deep conviction of religious duty.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

MILANOLLO.—Lately, at Paris, Mlle. Maria Milanollo, the younger of the two sisters whose violin playing was so peculiar and interesting an exhibition. Mlle. Maria deserved the preference for fine spirit and genius in her performance, though she was a less perfect mechanist than her sister. Her age is given as sixteen by the journals; and they add that she was interred in the artists' corner of the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise with due honours.

VATOUT.—Recently, in this country, M. Vatout, a member of the French Academy—a writer of considerable talent—at one time President of the Council for the Conservation of Civil Buildings in France—and recently Chief Librarian to the (now broken) Crown.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

A NEW ELECTRICAL MACHINE.—When the mercury passes through the pores of the wood in the apparatus for illustrating atmospheric pressure, known as the metallic shower apparatus, that is, when the mercury is placed in a brass funnel, with a wood diaphragm, whence and through which it passes into the vacuum, the isolated brass vessel, when the shower falls, is charged with electricity, which is seen, on the approach of conducting bodies, to escape in long sparks. With an apparatus of this construction M. Langlois has obtained a powerful electrical machine, the formation of which leads him to think that whenever liquids run in channels under strong pressure, or pass through the pores of bodies, similar phenomena ought to be developed. Substituting leather for the wood, electricity was still produced, but in less quantity, because the mercury filtering in this case met only a feeble resistance. The same experiment repeated with numerous porous bodies exhibited always the same electrical phenomena, more or less sensible according to the nature of the substances. The electroscope shows that the shower of mercury is charged with positive electricity, and the porous diaphragm with negative electricity, which it immediately yields to the brass armature.—*Literary Gazette*.

INDURATED STONE.—Some interest has been excited by the recent invention of a process for indurating soft stone or chalk into hard building material. The discovery was originally made in France, by an ingenious native of that country, who succeeded in hardening the soft stone of Caen, in Normandy, the character of which is well known to builders in this country. At that place the discovery, it is said, was attended by success, and subsequently it was made the subject of a patent in England, and works are established now at Tunbridge Wells, where the soft sandstone is converted into granite or marble, susceptible of a high polish. We had an opportunity the other day of examining the stone found in that locality, both before and after the process of induration; and the result, so far as we could judge, appeared satisfactory. The change was so complete that a material which, in the original state, could be scraped away by the finger-nails, after passing through the process offered the hardness of marble to the hammer and chisel. The process is stated by the proprietors to be applicable to a great variety of objects in the arts as well as to purposes of common utility. Plaster of Paris casts, for example, may be rendered hard, and sculptors may work in Bath or Caen stone, or even chalk, and the production may be rendered durable as marble. This invention, though comparatively little known at present, seems likely to attract general attention.

SECRETS FOR LADIES.—As you are fond of having flowers in the room, you will, perhaps, be glad to know how to preserve cut flowers as long as possible. The most simple rules are, not to put too many flowers into one glass; to change the water every morning, and to remove every decayed leaf as soon as it appears, cutting off the ends of the stems occasionally, as soon as they show any symptoms of decay. A more efficacious way, however, is to put nitrate of soda into the water. About as much as can be easily taken up between the forefinger and thumb, put into the glass every time the water is changed, will preserve cut flowers in all their beauty for above a fortnight. Nitrate of potash (that is, common saltpetre), in powder, has nearly the same effect, but is not quite so efficacious.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Mr. William Blake, of Akron, Ohio, has exhibited to us specimens of a singular metallic substance, discovered by him about four years since in a stratum of rock, in the township of Sharon, not far from his residence. When taken from the mine it had all the appearance of the finest indigo, and was no harder than cold tallow, but upon a few days' exposure it became a hard stone or slate. Its peculiar appearance suggested the expediency of testing it by proper experiments. He accordingly laid a specimen before an eminent chemist of this city, who, upon its analysis, found it to consist of about one-half of silica, one-fourth alumina, with less proportions of magnesia, black oxide of iron, sulphate of iron, lime and carbon. After a long course of experiments, engrossing his whole time and attention for two years, he ascertained that by reducing it to a fine powder, mixing the powder with linseed oil to the consistency of thick paint, and applying it with a brush to wood, iron, tin zinc, or brick, it became, after a few months' exposure, perfectly hard and indestructible. The transition from a liquid to a solid state was simply in accordance with natural laws; it being clear that, in proportion as the liquid properties of the oil disappeared, the cohesive attraction of

the oxide of iron not only united and consolidated the particles, but also cemented them firmly to whatever applied, causing the substance to become harder and harder, the longer exposed, until it equalled in density the hardest slate. The utility of the article since its discovery has been tested in various ways. As a protection against fire it is invaluable; being impervious to air or water, it prevents combustion, the fire actually charring the wood instead of igniting it. At the west it is in large demand for covering roofs of buildings, for decks of steamboats and railroad cars, for bridges and fences, carriage-work, fireproof safes, cement for air-tight stoves, for indeed any structure it may be necessary to protect from fire or weather. It can be applied to shingle roofs, match boards, or any of the metals, with equal success. School slates are manufactured by applying it to thin wood or pasteboard, forming an admirable substitute for the heavy article now in use. Bearing a very high polish when applied to wooden mantel-fronts, centre and pier tables, its appearance is not inferior to the finest Egyptian marble. Mr. Blake has procured a patent for his discovery, and is now in this city for the purpose of exhibiting specimens, and introducing it to the notice of the public. He would especially invite the attention of those interested in railroads and the construction of buildings, or all who have have buildings not fireproof, believing that an article so cheap and permanently preservative requires only to be known to be very generally used.—*New York paper.*

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

MR. EDITOR,—Granted that it does require *practical philosophy* to endure patiently to be dubbed a wonder-monger, a lover of the extravaganzas and eccentricity, although such facts as are daily passing under my hand would excuse persons who either will not or cannot work for themselves, yet, I assure you, my pen is stopped from uttering much that I feel should not be untold.

With me all these clairvoyant exhibitions are so perfectly unconstrained, and done with such simplicity, firmness, and correctness, that, although I am still so ignorant as to the mind's way of working, yet the positive succession of facts, which these mental travellers give me, leave me astonished at nothing the former present.

Will you accept an affecting history from a very interesting lively little girl, about nine years of age? Last Friday I took her, about four o'clock, and after reading, playing on the piano, and acting merrily, I laid her on the sofa and made a few passes over her. She became stern and thoughtful, and soon said she could see her mother and her baby sister, who was wrapped in a shawl and was ill. She saw the child's complaint, but suddenly discovered she was in an incipient state of fever. She then went up and down the row where they lived, and counted children she saw who were ill—some dead, some dying, and some sickening. She came back to her mother's house in great concern, and said that her father was then come in; her mother had very little fire. Some ten, but no milk, or sugar, or butter, or bread; that she was looking at her father, and saw that he was thinking "he did not like to borrow bread." She saw that he had a few halfpence in one of his pockets; and, after some fretting, she looked into his other pocket and saw a shilling; then she said her brother had gone to a corner shop, and brought in a small loaf, which she watched them divide.

(This place is thirty miles from Bath, on the London road.)

Then, off she started again, to visit a family about eight miles distant. Most curiously did she lay their doings open, giving the thoughts, and characters, and deeds of those individuals in a painfully exact manner. She said she had to pass a dog, and was alarmed because he was "barking so, and looking towards her." She described the kennel and things that were about it. The rough and dirty state of the descent she had to go down, &c. She found the house, saw no one in the sitting-room; said she "would stand at the door and look about her, and wait them in." When the man entered, she said she "was come in, and sitting on the sofa to rest a while, and watch what was going on,"—which she did indeed!

This was the first time I knew of her capability of travelling.

I was a little puzzled on Saturday with a young person I wished to send to Newcastle. I asked her if she would oblige me by going. She said she would. My mind was directed to Newcastle-under-Line. I have been there, and with some carelessness I was

thinking upon that place—when I stated my object to this girl and described what I wanted her to do. She presently said she was there—that she had to get by a quantity of coals, and that she stopped a minute to look at the ships. She saw one belonging to Teignmouth and another to Torquay; but the sea was rather rough, and as she thought she "must not stay of her errands," she did not stop to look much into them. After I awoke her, I referred to my letters and perceived my mistake, that the post-mark was Newcastle-upon-Tyne, so that these curious developments prove that these travellers act independently, and are not always subservient to the will of the magnetiser.

Now, Mr. Editor, will you bear with me in going one step higher? Will your readers tolerate yet another class of facts? Books have given them long before my experience has sanctioned them to my own satisfaction; but my object has always been so decided for curative good, that I have been unwilling to add any super-physical knowledge, which has for some time been presented to me, successively furnished from people wholly uninstructed in any system whatever.

I have a long series of declarations to establish the certainty of the power of the mind, when disengaged by magnetic influence, to enter the abodes of the happy spirits departed. I will offer one short note. The young person about whom I last wrote, requested me not to draw her attention to any medical work, for that she was in a most extraordinary beautiful light, and among such a number of shining, happy creatures. She wished I could see. She could not give me a notion of the beauty of the light. She then soon recognised some beings, among the happy multitudes she was looking at, she had known when alive—some who had been deceased seven, others two years. She said she was only looking on—she could not speak to them. They had a language "in words," but she could not catch a sound to give to me. It was impossible. They seemed to be full of zeal and to have great earnestness in their undertakings—that they had much to do for the benefit of this earth.

This young person interests herself much in watching the guardian spirit attendants of those she is interested for, and tells us in what degree and manner we receive or reject their impressions. Her delight is to be allowed, after going her journeys, to remain undisturbed to watch the operations of the spiritual world.

Nov. 6, 1848.

LAVINIA JONES.

45, New King-street, Bath.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SAGACITY OF A SPANIEL.—Lately an inquest was taken by Mr. Baker, at the London Hospital, on view of the body of Eliza Sergeant, aged six years, whose death was caused from injuries by fire. It appeared that the deceased was left in a room on the ground floor at No. 1, Ashton-place, Poplar, with two younger children, by their mother, who had gone out to pledge an article for the purpose of buying some bread. Upon hearing the screams of the children, a little dog jumped through a pane of glass into the room; and on their mother's return, which was in a few minutes, she saw the faithful animal tearing away the deceased's clothes with his mouth and paws. Upon his seeing the mother, he went up to her and laid hold of her gown to draw her towards the child. She succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and the deceased was removed to the London Hospital, where she died from the effect of the injuries. Verdict, accidental death.

A fine specimen of the little spotted crane (*Rallus Porzana*, Linn.) was shot on Framwellgate Car, a few days ago, by Walter Scruton, esq. and is now in the possession of Mr. William Proctor for preservation. This bird is about the size of a thrush, and is seldom met with in this county; it is about twenty years since the last specimen was shot in the same locality.—*Durham Advertiser.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

OBITUARY ELOQUENCE.—A correspondent of the *Burlington Free Press* has furnished to that journal the following *verbatim* report of a funeral discourse which he says he heard delivered in the Florida House of Representatives. The duty of making it was voluntarily assumed, and even insisted on by the speaker, to the no small wonder of the house, his utter incompetency being notorious:—"Mr. Speaker; Sir,—Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the browncreaters (bronchitis he meant, I suppose), and

was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding-house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenious creature, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our state militia since the last war, and was brave and polite; and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death with military honours, and several guns were bust in firing salutes. Sir, Mr. Speaker,—General Washington presided over the great continental sanbedim and political meeting that formed our constitution; and he was indeed a great and good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and, though he was in favour of the United States Bank, he was a friend of education, and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive, and hadn't a'died sometime aforehand. His death was considered at the time as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by an ordinary cold. Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn till to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead, and died of the 'browncreaters' yesterday in the forenoon."

A BLACK REPRESENTATIVE.—At the sitting of the National Assembly of France lately, a considerable movement took place in the Chamber in consequence of the appearance of M. Mazuline, whose admission was lately pronounced for the colony of Martinique. The representative, who is of the very blackest hue, walked up to the extreme end of the Chamber and took his seat immediately under the clock. His features were then visible, and presented to view the true negro type. The movement through the Chamber continued to increase, and arrived at its highest pitch when the new comer coolly drew out an eyeglass and proceeded to leisurely examine the different parts of the Assembly. It was some moments before the President could procure sufficient attention to allow the discussion on the constitution to proceed.

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—The Secretary of the Leicester-square Soup-Kitchen, in an advertisement in the *Times* of Sept. 21, returns thanks to the Army and Navy Club, for a daily supply of stockmeat from their kitchens; to Wickers, of Castle-street, for sixteen gallons of their meat-liquor every evening; to Gunter, of Berkeley-square, for four bushels of onions; and to a Mr. Norris, of Isleworth, for—(what will the reader suppose?—a perfect *bonne-bouche*, no doubt, in its way)—for "four bushels of distressed literary gentlemen!"—[It is so, we have seen the advertisement.—ED. CRITIC.]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THAT fecundite producer, Mr. James, has announced yet another novel—*The Forgery; or, Best Intentions*. We perceive he has also changed his publisher—for the first time, we believe, since his flood of words commenced pouring upon the reading world. His name is almost inseparably associated with the East-India publishing house, and one almost regrets to see them part company. —Part I. of *Memoirs of Chateaubriand* has appeared. The publisher has not sent it to us, but report speaks favourably of it.—Mr. Murray has announced several books of considerable promise. Among them is a second part of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*, the commencement of which was so favourably greeted. Mr. Taylor is preparing *Notes from Books* on the plan of his *Notes from Life*. And there are several new candidates for favour who will come forward under Albemarle-street auspices. To allude fully to their attempts, we must await other information regarding them.—Mr. Chapman, of the Strand, has jumped pell-mell into the character of an American publisher. Transatlantic literature requires a spirited importer in this country, for the freshness of thought and the kin con-

nection that American books bear upon their very faces ensure them much attention in England. Among Mr. Chapman's latest arrivals, we notice Hudson's *Lectures on Shakspeare* and Miss May's *Female Poets*.—Messrs. Longman announce some rich treats in illuminated books. Owen Jones is an artist whose efforts to raise the musical style of art has been deservedly successful, and Messrs. Longman's encouragement of his labours should be studiously and widely supported. Already is there a very evident lack of that spirit which October led us to hope would characterise the Christmas-time of 1848. Perhaps, though, it is as well that mere "books of the season" should diminish. Let us hope they have had their day, and that it is the taste of the people which has preferred such solid and lasting substitutes as those to which we have alluded above.

There is to be a Shakspeare Exhibition in London shortly, in aid of the House Fund. The archaeologists have raked up a goodly collection of Shakspeare relics. We do not perceive that the list contains either "Will's" old boots or his best wig; but there are plenty of slices from the mulberry-tree—the veritable tree. Money-getters are manufacturing these as rapidly as pocket-books and picture-frames were fabricated from the wreck of the *Royal George*, while the rage for "sacred bits" of unfortunate oak lasted. In the present case, however, the most promising attraction will be the Chandos portrait and a real autograph of the "bard of all time." It is very coolly announced that the committee for promoting the exhibition are about to advertise their "wants and intentions." Surely they can get enough of reputed relics without this sad resort! A Chatterton would evidently be very acceptable; but we doubt if Chatterton, were he living, would lend himself to the purposes of heathenish worshippers of stocks and stones and trinkets, lest he helped to a neglect of the diviner and the real part of the Bard of Avon's legacies. They are no mind-aiders, no adorners of genius, who can stoop to a continued and persevering adulation of rotten doors and crooked chairs. That archaeologists have done good by collecting relics, and that they have revealed facts that are useful and instructive, and original, we do not deny; but why go on nurturing and bespattering with adulation such relics, when it is that which they have revealed we ought to value? Is there no possibility, we wonder, of the archaeologists ever discovering "the House that Jack Built;" Jack's trowel and mortar-hod would make a capital catchpenny exhibition, rivalling the mulberry-tree laths in all their grandeur!

One hundred and forty-six unpublished letters, addressed by William III. to Henry de Lorraine of Vaudemont, were recently sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson for about forty pounds! The purchasers were very various. The letters are very valuable, and throw much new light on William's character and on the period of his reign. Well may a contemporary ask why the British Museum allowed such documents to be irrecoverably dispersed?

The *Gazette* of last week contains an Order in Council extending the provisions of the law of copyright to Prince Edward's Island.

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